

David Kuykendall

3-2-70

FROM FEET TO FATHOMS

Also by Dr. Lee

GLORY TODAY FOR CONQUEST TOMORROW

THIS CRITICAL HOUR

THE TWO NIGHTS

BURIED AND ALIVE

THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST

PICKINGS

BE YE ALSO READY

FROM FEET TO FATHOMS

A Series of Evangelistic Messages

by

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CHAPTER 1

FROM FEET TO FATHOMS

About midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country; and sounded, and found it twenty fathoms: and after a little space they sounded again, and found it fifteen fathoms (Acts 27:27-28).

The road to Damascus lives in history, for on that road Saul of Tarsus, startled and jolted at the call of his own name, became a "new creature in Christ Jesus" (II Cor. 5:17), and thus, a broken program pointing the path of destiny, he made a voyage from the teacup of himself into the ocean of God's Self. A slave of the temporal, he became a king of the eternal. In the blaze that smote him to his knees, he saw "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus" (II Cor. 4:6). For him the first flame of the trail of glory which he was destined to leave across the Gentile world was kindled quickly. Even Saul, the brilliant law graduate, the young rabbi, the rising hope of the Pharisees! Till that hour he had been a mournful monotony of jangling inharmonies, missing life's central melody—because he was the victim of dawdling ditties. But that day, so momentously significant, he came out from—

The vain pomp and shows,
From the pride that overflows
And the false conceits of men,
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of schools
And the craft of tongue and pen
Into the life of Christ and the life in Christ.

Till that hour Saul of Tarsus had lived in the gray twilight of his Pharisaic ideal where his faults lay concealed or acquired the hue of positive graces. But through the transformation of redeeming grace his masquerading and parading virtues stood revealed as presumptuous sins.

What an hour that—when Saul was new-born! Then a Christian ambition became supreme; and in the fierceness of his desire he drew every minor yearning to the central purpose like tributaries converging upon the main stream. From the hour when it was “sunset in Damascus but dawn in the life of Saul,” he counted “all things but loss” that he might know Jesus “and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his suffering” (Phil. 3:7-10).

The revelation of the Lord led to the revelation of the limitless landscape. Greatly he believed; greatly he was saved; greatly he lived. For weal or woe, come prison or scourge, stoning or exile or the cross itself, he, Saul, was Christ’s man. And for Christ he was in peril of his life in Damascus (Acts 9:23-24); coldly suspected by his fellow believers in Jerusalem (Acts 9:26); persecuted in Antioch (Acts 13:50); stoned in Lystra (Acts 14:19); assaulted in Iconium (Acts 14:5); beaten with many stripes in Philippi (Acts 16:23); attacked by a lewd and envious crowd in Thessalonica (Acts 17:5); pursued by callous enmity at Berea (Acts 17:13); despised in Athens (Acts 17:18-32); blasphemed in Corinth (Acts 18:6); exposed to the fierce wrath of the Ephesians (Acts 19:28); bound with chains in Jerusalem (Acts 21:33)!

Eventually, the Cross ever the one sovereignty to which his every limb and every talent and every power paid faithful and abundant tribute, he is on his way to Italy, sailing toward Rome! A prisoner he, in charge of a centurion by the name of Julius (Acts 27:1).

The ship on which Paul voyaged was buffeted for days by no small tempest. Neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and all hope that they would be saved was taken away (Acts 27:20). After fourteen days and nights of terrible tempest, while the ship was driven to and fro in the sea of Adria, about midnight, the sailors surmised that they drew near to some country! "And they sounded and found it twenty fathoms; and after a little space they sounded again and found it fifteen fathoms!" From meditation upon that verse and from uttering the thoughts that have arisen in our mind we hope to bring you profit that perisheth not.

I. THE DANGEROUS DIRECTION

That ship, while not out of the water, was going in a dangerous direction—from the deep waters to the shallows. It quickly went from twenty fathoms to fifteen fathoms.

The Christian religion is pitched on an ascending scale. It begins with an emancipation and ends with an ascension. It begins with the second birth and ends, so far as its connection with earth is concerned, in freedom from the second death (Rev. 2:11). It begins with a quickening from the dead (Eph. 2:1) and ends in its relation with the earth life with a triumph over death (I Cor. 15:54). The life we derive from Jesus manifests itself in growth and development. The abundant life is the life Jesus desires that we shall have and hold (John 10:10).

Much fruit is an essential of real discipleship. Jesus does not urge us to be branches scantily clustered, nor trees sparsely fruited, nor fields miserly productive (John 15:8). In Matthew 18 and 22, with arithmetic strangely at variance with our multiplication table, Jesus urged the abundant life when he told Peter to forgive "until seventy times seven"! Jesus insisted that we

should go beyond the bare stint of requirement when He said, "And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain!" (Matt. 5:41). And again: "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you" (John 15:15). There it is—the ascending scale of the Christian religion, beginning with servanthship, growing into friendship, abiding in revelation from God the Father. Wonderful voyage into the deeper realities! Paul said, "I pray that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment . . . being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ" (Phil. 1:9, 11). This exhortation to the Philippians was a reality in Paul's life; and we see there the ascending scale of the Christian religion rejoiced in by one to whom "it was given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him but also to suffer for His sake."

This dangerous direction—from the deeps to the shallows—prevents the normal life. The danger of the Christian is arrested development. There are stunted Christians who should be growing Christians, little Christians who should be rugged and strong—Christians who are paddlers in shallow surf—Christians satisfied with the shore edge or with an ignoble anchorage.

But we live contrary to God's purpose for us when we go and if we go from strength to weakness rather than from weakness to strength, from courage to timidity rather than from timidity to courage, from possession to mere profession rather than from profession to real possession, from expansion to contraction rather than from the shrinkage state to an expanding growth, from much interest in one great purpose to much ado about a multitude of small concerns, from fervor in the spiritual to frivolity in the fleshly.

Too often Christians have, as those on petty pleasures bent, gathered flowers—a mere handful for personal adornment—when there were fields “white unto the harvest” calling us to “bring in the sheaves.” Too often men have contented themselves with a corner when there were continents waiting for conquest. We must acknowledge, blushing, too, that while our ships have not been out of the water, we have too often and too dishonorably voyaged from the deeps to the shallows, or have been contented with keeping the anchor busier and more overworked than the rudder. Such is not the normal life. God’s purpose for every one of us is that we should be filled with all the fullness of God. God is the “organ whose full breath is thunder.” He wants us to be the “keys beneath His fingers pressed.” Paul expressed this truth when he wrote, “But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory unto glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord” (II Cor. 3:18).

The normal life is the life of growth—from the babe to the man, from the rill to the river, from the river to the ocean, from the bud to the blossom, from the blossom to the fruit, from the acorn to the oak, from the microscopic cell to the coral reef. “First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear” (Mark 4:28).

The normal life is not the “holding-its-own” life. There is no holding one’s own in the spiritual life except by continually holding more. The Pharisee of ancient days made some measure of moral conquest. Then he sat down by it, fondly hugged and doted upon it until he became the prisoner of his own achievement.

The poet wrote:

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each tomorrow
Find us further than today!

In practical realization, however, it is tragically true that hosts of Christians have large tracts of unannexed territory, many unattained possibilities, unnumbered unenjoyed blessings, invaluable unpossessed possessions, profitable unclimbed heights, pearl-spread unplumbed depths. Though our ships are not out of the water there is the evidence of the voyage in the dangerous direction—toward the shallows—in that there is a slothful timidity in daring, a passive acquiescence in small attainments, a careless indifference to the great stretch of the unattained, a cheap complimenting of the things of little value, and a lazy supineness in the face of many opportunities which are ours to make “the foulest filth of Rome the fairest fragrance of the New Jerusalem.”

Mightily growing is the abnormal tendency of life to drift among small things—small anxieties, small pleasures, small ideals, small talk. Wise, indeed, is the teacher, the preacher and all those in places of leadership who prescribe for those whom they must influence a tonic of big things. Somebody wisely said, “The soul grows fat only on immensities, infinities, eternities; and life clothes itself in the most vigorous realities only in altitudes, magnitudes, infinitudes!” So unwise indeed are we to fritter away our energies, to sip stale water from tea cups when mighty rivers of refreshing and power are ours—if we will. “We forget the tiddley-winking only in contemplation of the tremendous!”

True. We, rising from things terrestrial to things celestial, must tire of the microscopic and the cheap, and hunger for the majestic and the priceless, refusing to become victims of the easy track. “We lose life’s shallow worries only in visions of the unplumbed depths!” Knowing this, we dare not, if we would attain the highest and best, consecrate our energies to rolling marbles when there are mountains to remove. There must be no “toying with trivialities” when the whole wide world with its

restless millions waits in hunger for the Bread of Life, sits in darkness longing for the Light. There must be no "carnival of confectionery," no pallid consolations, when the Cross of Christ must be preached and lived. In this hour men dare not, if they would be victors and not victims, so far forget their soldierly duties as to lie down, as did some of the men under Gideon, and drink of any stream which renders their necks an easy prey to a hidden sword (Judges 7:6). It is time to stop "fiddling" with life—time to stop "scratching" the surface of the field—time to cease "dabbling" with a profession, and time to make an end of "trifling" with religion. May our thoughts on the ship that voyaged from the deeps to the shallows urge us to know this truth and live it, knowing that the true creed of a Christian is not a propositional manifesto, but a personal life, the life of Christ, finding expression in the lives of men who also should say "For me to live is Christ."

II. THE REALITY OF THE REVERSE

Even though there is the tragic shortcoming of the life that has gone from the deeps to the shallows, there is also the beautiful and glorious reality of the reverse of that. Even though there is the faint-hearted endeavor in the cause of God which we are forced to acknowledge, there is also the spirit in many hearts and the courage of high endeavor in many lives which no difficulty can daunt, no danger impede. Even though there are those who go their thoughtless way as though God had no claims on their lives, there are those who start no day and live no day without the guidance and direction of Him who helps in all hazards.

Said Emerson:

The reason of all cowardice
Is, that men are overgrown,
And to be valiant, must come down
To titmouse dimensions!

Whatever else we may interpret that verse to mean, we do know that it hesitates not to declare that there are "titmouse men." Even though there are men who, with weak desire to be valiant, "come down to titmouse dimensions," we take heart in knowing that there are those who are brave enough to "suffer tortures not accepting deliverance" (Heb. 11:35). Even though there are those who possess the unworthy shore-edge, shallow-water ambition which says

No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches,
Contract thy firmament
To the compass of a tent.

There are however, also those who have the hunger and thirst for righteousness in their souls and reach out, rowing with hundred-year oars, a stinging rebuke to apathy, accelerating the triumphant progress of all noble enterprises till time shall be no more, quickening the blood and firing the fervor of good men till the Master come. Even though there are those who unwisely believe that "a man's life consisteth in the abundance of things which he possesseth," there are those who, by their works of love and gifts of liberality, show that they believe the reverse of that. While there are many who refuse to believe that he who would be greatest must serve (Luke 22:26), there are just as many who believe that "the sweetest lives are those to duty wed, whose deeds, both great and small, are close-knit strands of unbroken thread where love ennobles all." While some would put the Golden Rule in subordination to the rule-of-gold, giving primary things secondary place, there are some who love not such a cheap success. While some unwisely assert and stubbornly believe that banks, bonds, palaces, and cities are the greatest products of history, there are those who believe wisely that "we all are blind until we see that in the human plan, nothing is worth

the making if it does not make the man." How glorious it is to know that in an age of shifting and drifting, men and women in many places have made it the loftiest science of life to go into the great deeps for God.

Men in the past did that—went from the shallows to the deeps, and on to the deepest, believing that God is a God of enlargement, enlarging us by His plans above and beyond our plans as the oak is enlarged above the acorn in strength, as the butterfly is enlarged above the chrysalis in growth, as the steel girder above men's sinew in power, as Niagara above the mud puddle in glory. "Thou hast set my feet in a large room" (Psalm 31:8) is the testimony of many. "I called upon the Lord in distress: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place" (Psalm 118:5) is the record of others. Moses, despising ignoble anchorage in Egypt, launched out into the deeps for God—and God enabled him to bring forth mighty law and mighty deliverance. David, spurning the shallows, turned his life toward the deeps—and, by God's guidance, he gave us matchless music and a mighty empire. Amos and Hosea, venturing boldly from the shore and the shallows adjacent, were led of God to produce social ethics. Tennyson and Browning, aweary of the pale-faced realities of the shore lines, launched into the deeps, and, by the truth of God, brought awakening truth. Paul, the shallow in him responding to the deep in God, turned toward and into the deeps, and taught the world spiritual liberty.

The life that voyages from the shallows to the deeps, even on to the deepest, is the life ever fruitful and never barren, ever rich and abiding and dynamic, ever fascinating and never wearisome. How beautiful the life that goes from the love of friends on to the love of one's enemies, from a timid faith that fears to a faith that "laughs at the shaking of spears," from the sickness of self to the health of God. The old hymn expresses it:

Out of my bondage, sorrow, and night,
 Into Thy freedom, gladness and light,
 Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come,

Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
 Out of my sickness, into Thy health,
 Out of my sin and into Thy self,
 Jesus, I come to Thee.

There is expressed the journey from "fifteen fathoms to twenty fathoms." Who would say a life making such a voyage is not a lovely life? Is it not ever glorious to "come out of our shameful failure and loss into the glorious gain of Christ's Cross"?

In A. D. 58, Paul, fighting his good fight under the stormy banner of Jesus, wrote his letter to the Romans. In that letter we hear him saying: "For to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not; for the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. O wretched man that I am!" (Romans 7:18b, 19, 24).

In A. D. 63, Paul, having grown mightily, wrote to the Philippians. In that letter we hear one of the most transcendent triumphs of articulation ever uttered. Listen: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13). Was not that a beautiful voyage? I say. So say you. So God.

Once in his life Tennyson wrote:

O, for a man to arise in me
 That the man I am may cease to be!

And fifty years later Tennyson wrote:

I have climbed the snows of the age
 And gaze on the fields of the past
 Where I sank with the body at times
 In the slough of low desire!
 But I hear no yelp of the beast,
 And the man is quiet at last,
 As he stands on the heights of life with
 A glimpse of a height that is higher!

There is the voyage from the shallows to the deep and to the deeper than the deep, and to the deepest. Ah! How tragic that so many say and are content to say:

I ponder not the farthest reach
Of yon infinitude, the sea,
These ripples on the silver beach
Trace wonder vast enough for me!

What was it that happened one memorable day on the road to Damascus? Paul saw Christ. As an inevitable consequence of seeing Him there came into his life the passion of the far horizon. All the "narrowing limits of Jewish prejudice and all the cramping bonds of Pharisaic superstition" fell from him. Then, with the ship of his life turned away from such light foam and shallow waters, he launched out into the ocean depths, storming the great centers of civilization and the capitals of proud empires in the name of Jesus. Feeling himself debtor to Greek and barbarian, to bond and free, to Jew and Gentile, he passed from sea to sea, from island to island, from continent to continent—preaching mightily, living mightily. A more thrilling story of hazard, hardships, and heroism has never been written. It was all a voyage from the shallows to the deeps with Christ Jesus as the chief captain.

Think of William Carey. On May 31, 1792, he preached, greatly and mightily preached, at Nottingham, the great sermon which gave rise to our modern missionary movement, "Attempt Great Things for God; expect Great Things from God!" In India he put that sermon in practice. On November 11th, 1793, the very day on which the French revolutionists tore the cross from Notre Dame, smashed it in the streets, and abjured Christianity, William Carey landed at Calcutta and claimed a new continent for Christ. He became master of a dozen languages, gave the people the Word of God in their own tongue, and built up the finest college in the

empire. What explains it all? Just this: A voyage from the shallows of mere thinking of great things to the deeps of mighty achievement for God.

And Moody, the boot-store clerk, took one continent in one hand and the other continent in the other hand, and rocked them both toward God. Wonderful voyage from the shallows to the deeps! No wonder there is written on his tomb at Northfield this statement: "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever" (I John 2:17).

When Adoniram Judson set his face toward Burma there were great pulpits wanting him. And some, when he, with his wonderful voice, turned aside from these offers, called his burning desire for the foreign land a "wild nightmare of a disordered brain." And six years he worked for his first convert. But now, the colleges, the many churches, the many thousands who have come to know Christ testify that this hero who, weighted down with heavy chains many age-long days and who languished in loathsome prisons through weeks years long in agony, left to the world the imperishable record of a voyage into the deepest of the deeps for God.

The disciple, Peter, caught fish on Galilee—many fish. But one day, at the call of that strange and mighty One from Nazareth, even Jesus, he left his nets and followed Him whose only promise was that he should some day catch not fish, but men. On the day of Pentecost Peter threw out the Gospel net—and three thousand men, squirming under the conviction of sin more than fish jerk and quiver under the hot sun of the beach, were "landed for God." What a voyage that under the good hand of God—the voyage from the shallows of catching fish, only fish, to the voyage of catching men for God.

And John Bunyan! Think of him. A dissolute tinker he, living in the muddy shallows of an unclean life. Unhappy in his own thoughts, vile and low, he came to Christ—and to Christ yielded his all. Though put in

jail for preaching the Gospel, he wrote a book which crawled out from that jail, where he remained twelve years, and that book walked up and down more bypaths and traveled more highways and knocked at more doors and spoke to more people in their mother tongue than any book save the one Book, the Bible, which is beyond all books as the river is beyond the rill in reach. Of him who made this voyage from unclean shallows to pure deeps with Christ, Macaulay says: "Bunyan is, indeed, as decidedly the first allegorist as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakespeare the first of dramatists." What a voyage from the shallows Bunyan made.

Mrs. Prentiss, who wrote "Stepping Heavenward," expressed it well when she wrote:

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest,
Now Thee alone I seek—
Give what is best!

And time would fail me to tell of Rodney Smith, the gipsy lad, and of Jerry Macauley, the Bowery criminal, and of Ruskin, the apostle of art, and of Drummond, the cultured college professor, and of many thousands of others in places known and unknown, in obscure corners and in high exalted positions, who have launched their ships into the deeps for God. How many to whom the world has given no line and built no monument who have in great way and small way "sailed amid the plumbless depths" through the long nights of darkness and through the heat of a long smiting noon. Many, in a grander way than Beethoven took "the surging sea of tone and made it subservient to his rod," have spurned the shallows, where no dangers lie, for the deep with perils many. Men and women, with the burning desire to do their best and to do their most for God, have, in a more glorious way than Angelo "from the sterile womb of stone raised children unto God," snapped the chains that

held them to ignoble anchorage in the shallows and have gone where the deep billows rule. The reality of the reverse of the dangerous direction is the reality and experience of their living—daily, nightly, weekly, monthly, yearly, life-timely. God be praised—for them. God be praised for all who “follow in their train”!

III. THE DEMAND FOR THE DEEP

There is a demand for deeper depths to our Christian living. We need a deeper love to meet the hates and to bridge the chasms across which men glare at each other in suspicion and ill will. We need to be brave enough to meet the demand of deeper prayer life that will knock until barred doors “open of their own accord.” We need to be wise enough to have and to hold the deep faith which believes that we never test the resources of God until we attempt the impossible. There is a deeper demand today for a passion for the lost—a passion that will not be satisfied until it “sees of the travail of its soul and is satisfied.”

When a boy at the old country school, I met in my study of mythology, Atlas, big and brawny, with the world on His shoulders. That is myth. Jesus, sweating blood in the garden of Gethsemane and bleeding His life away on the Cross, is no myth, but a stern reality. Jesus with the Cross on His shoulders and with the weight of the world’s sins on His heart is not fiction and myth but the truest history of all history and the grim reality of all realities. And as long as there is one hymn to sing about the Cross and one soul to be saved by the blood of the Cross there will be a demand for deep concern and deep consecration.

Facing today the demand from God’s Word and observing the need of the sin-smitten and iniquity-blighted world, we must see to it that our religion is

ever a daily devotional vitality and never a mere occasional conversationality. Facing the world's dark tragedies, its innumerable woes that come tramping in from many lands, its deluge of blood and tears, its chasms, its wars, its bloodshed, its wonderings and wanderings and wickedness, we must turn from mere philosophic finery to the plain, sensible language of the Christian religion which heartens men to bear heavy burdens and makes them brave to meet perilous situations.

Look! Europe with its hunger, restlessness, and Bolshevism, staggering like a drunken man recovering from a debauch; India with its thirty million gods and dire poverty; China with its political and religious crises and miles of beggars; Africa with its dark cannibalism and tragic heathenism; Japan with its eager desire to become Westernized without being Christianized; Latin America with its appalling illiteracy and semi-idolatry; the United States with its fifty-eight million outside of any church—with its twenty-seven million under twenty-five years not in any Sunday school or institution of religious training whatsoever—with its five and a half million illiterates—with its millions of malcontents. All make a mighty appeal to the followers of Him who has "a balm for every wound and a cordial for every care."

In the face of all this and in the face of the demand for deeper thinking and speaking and doing there must be many, especially among the young, who will mightily believe that the sweetest songs are yet to be sung, the noblest poems yet to be penned, the greatest books yet to be written, the finest sermons yet to be preached, the truest lives yet to be lived, the most heroic exploits yet to be achieved. The pinnacles beckon, and the topmost crags are calling. And "deep calleth unto deep." "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets!"

IV. THE PROMISE OF THE PRESENCE

What kind of promise? A promise that never fails—that never can fail. Whose presence? The presence of Him who filled the disciples' boat with fish when that disciple "launched out into the deep at His command." The presence of Him who hushed the howling winds and stilled the troubled sea centuries ago. The promise of Him to whom all power is given in heaven and in earth (Matt. 28:18). The promise of Him who cannot lie (Titus 1:2). The promise of Him who hath said "Go ye therefore . . . and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28:19-20).

Christ Jesus, to whom all power is given in heaven and in earth, has given us His Word. He will go with us, being our guide, through trackless forests and impenetrable jungles. He will go with us, being our pilot, over seas uncharted and across oceans illimitable. He will go with us, being our path-preparer, to poles undiscovered. The promise which was to the disciples is to us now. And the world-wide proclamation is vitalized by the world-wide presence. And this world-wide presence is possessed of a world-wide power.

All who trust him find a real experience the promise God made to Jacob: "And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. . . for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of" (Gen. 28:15). For those who launch out into the deeps for His causes He will "make bare His mighty arm." And they shall find it entirely real for them what the prophet said about preparing the way of the Lord: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain" (Isa. 40:4). And those who go forth into the deeps to serve the Lord shall find that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their

strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint!" (Isa. 40:31).

Every promise so royally given will be royally fulfilled. Even as His grace is to all, so is His guidance promised to all who will follow.

Who is a path if any be misled or unled? Jesus. Who is a robe if any be scantily clothed or unclothed? Jesus. Who is vital bread if any have but crumbs or are unfed? Jesus. Who is strength if any be weak? Jesus. Who is health if any be sick? Jesus. Who is light for those who are in darkness? Jesus. Hath He not said: "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life"? He has. Read John 8:12. Who is wealthy if any be in poverty? Jesus, who "though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich" (II Cor. 8:9). "The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him!" (Romans 10:12). Who will be to us to the last hour of the longest day our "pillar of cloud by day"? Jesus. Who will be to us through the longest night, black as the pit from sunset to sunrise, our "pillar of fire by night"? Jesus, mighty Jesus. Who will be wondrous, all-encompassing completeness for our incompleteness? Jesus. "And ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power" (Col. 2:10). Who is the unfailing and abiding rest for our restlessness? Jesus. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls" (Matt. 11:28-29). Who will be unto us, when we need it most and always, wisdom? Jesus. "Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom" (I Cor. 1:30).

Yes, He will be with us to enable us to prevail mightily in the bitterest of life's battles. He will walk with us giving us sure footing in the roughest ways and on the

“narrow ledges overlooking yawning chasms.” He will comfort with no pallid and failing comfort in life’s sorrows. He will calm with variant steadiness in the conflicts of life. He will prompt in all of life’s perplexities. He will fan in all of life’s faintness. He will guide in all of life’s glooms. He will help in all of life’s hazards. He will direct in all of life’s doubts. He will be a voice in all of life’s solitudes. He will be a star in all of life’s night. Therefore, knowing this, turn your ship toward the deeps—from the fifteen fathoms to the twenty and the hundred and the thousand!

“Today’s wealth may be tomorrow’s poverty; today’s health may be tomorrow’s sickness; today’s happy companionship of joy may be tomorrow’s aching solitude of heart, but today’s Christ is tomorrow’s Christ, “the same yesterday, today, and forever.”

Believing this, turn thee from the shallows to the deeps, ever preferring the duty you owe to God to any danger you fear from men, knowing assuredly that “no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper” (Isa. 54:17).

Turn thee quickly, turn thee now; turn thee prayerfully from the shallows to the deeps, knowing assuredly that He who lights the path of your pilgrimage will illumine also the valley of the shadow of death, knowing ever and forgetting it never that the hand that opened to you the realm of grace will open also the gates of glory.

And let it never, for one minute of any hour of any day of any week of any month of any year of all your life, be said or known on earth or written or known in heaven that, as to your personal devotion to Christ Jesus, “they sounded and found it twenty fathoms and after a little space they sounded again and found it fifteen fathoms!”

CHAPTER 2

CONTRASTS

A certain priest . . . and likewise a Levite . . . but a certain Samaritan (Luke 10:31-33).

There are things immeasurable. Somebody said: "You can measure a carpet or a wall with a yardstick, but you cannot measure the lightning; you can cast a plumb line down to fathom the ocean's depths, but you cannot fathom the grief of a mother with a dead baby in her lap; you can schedule the comet's journey and calculate the distance of a star, but there are no logarithms or lenses by which to estimate the joy of two lovers who go 'a-twozing' in the twilight; you can analyze water, earth, or gasses and determine their constituent parts, but you cannot measure the elements that compose innocence, conscience, or remorse; you can set a value on the services of a bricklayer or a salesman, but you cannot even approximate the value of an act of unselfish service." With these quoted words we agree. And we also acknowledge that there are truths expressed and life principles taught and revelations made in the tenth chapter of Luke's Gospel before which reason is dumb and our highest wisdom worshipful.

A certain lawyer wanted a definition of the word "neighbor." In answer Jesus spoke the parable in which He points out how true love works—simply and beautifully and forcibly gives "an illustrative example of the working of benevolence, as contrasted with that

of selfishness, an idealized example of true benevolence in contrast with utter selfishness."

And, with the thought of contrast in our minds, we wish to bring some contrasts in the conduct of the priest and the Levite as set against the conduct of the Samaritan; and as we do this we hope we shall inspire some to be "better neighbors to him in need and better friends to him who is foreign born and foreign bred."

The priest and the Levite, both of them, were honored by the Jews; the Samaritan, in all places and always, was regarded as an outcast by the Jews. Now the priest served in the temple, and the Levite assisted the priest in the temple affairs and was supported by the tithes of the people. And both of them regarded a Samaritan as one excommunicated and accursed, denied all share in the resurrection. We will, however, say no more about this lest we weary ourselves and bore you in "carrying coals to Newcastle." Let us notice the contrasts.

I. THE TWO—THE PRIEST AND THE LEVITE—HAD TWICE THE EYES BUT NOT HALF THE SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

They saw, but they did not see well. The priest "when he saw him," when he saw the man thief-filched and robber-beaten, "passed by on the other side." The Levite "came and looked on him," but when he saw the man by the road bleeding and much bruised from much beating, "he passed on the other side." They had eyes but saw not; they had ears but heard not; they had feet but used them to go *from* the place where help was needed; they had hands but they helped not. Their eyes numbered four to the Samaritan's two, but the eyes of both of them, having wandered from God's calling and from God's keeping, saw not half as well as did the two eyes

of the Samaritan. They two had the eyes of the fool which are in the ends of the earth (Prov. 17:24).

Thus we see that the philosopher who knows many things may not know the best things, and those who know the largest number of other secrets may miss the "secret of the Lord" by having eyes that see not, or see distortedly, as did the eyes of the priest and the Levite. The master of scientific wisdom may be farther than the humblest unlearned child from the Kingdom of God. No vision, or narrow vision, has often cost men vision of heart. And today, when the cry of the world is for help, unless we have ears that hear aright and eyes that see aright we may, with all our straining up into the heavens and down into the deeps, miss the very present task and the very present opportunity. There is a great peril in being microscopically and distortedly near-sighted, which causes us to see with a narrowness that is selfishness. There is also the peril of being telescopically and erroneously far-sighted which causes us to see not "the half-dead men" whose wounds cry to us daily.

The priest and the Levite, even though they had twice as many eyes as the Samaritan had, saw nothing worthy of rescue in the half-dead, bruised, and bloody stranger by the roadside. Blind adherents to conventional ideas, they had a cheaply poor conception of the value of man.

In this respect their spiritual teeth were loose, their spiritual hands were weak, their spiritual feet were rheumatic. So they did not see him as a neighbor to them nor did they see themselves as neighbor to him. They were victims of self-absorption. Where they "waited on injunction," the good Samaritan carried out a principle, knowing that love meant the doing of everything in his power for those who required help. With the ghastly bruises of the unfortunate man before their eyes and the moans of the suffering man in their

ears and the helplessness of the man in reach of their arms, they saw love as a feeling rather than a fact, as a sentiment instead of a sacrifice, as "voluble verbiage" rather than "dynamic deed." No doubt the priest was on his way to make a great speech somewhere on "The Power of Philanthropy" or on "The Brotherhood of Man," but they had no ears for this man's moans nor eyes compassionate nor hands helpful.

In our attitude to the poor and unlearned and the fallen we must be careful lest we "pass by on the other side" seeing something in the iron but nothing in the ore, something in the stamped coin but nothing in the rough bullion, something in the finished statue but nothing in the unchiseled marble, something in the towering oak but nothing in the small acorn. We can too easily and too unwisely assume the air of "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" We can too quickly "pass by on the other side" men who are worth much to the Kingdom of God.

The priest and the Levite, both of them spiritually blind and deaf and rheumatic, saw no opportunity for service and for honoring God in this out-of-the-way place, in this obscure corner of a wandering road. They could "serve" splendidly in the temple. They could kneel reverently within the sacred precinct of the "altar boundary" but not in the dust of that roadway, no, not even if it meant to lift up the head of a wounded one. They turned scornful eyes to the "commonplace unfortunate" in that "commonplace place." In the temple where the easy worshipers of the age were satisfied with a religion of "burnt-offerings" and "peace offerings of fat beasts" they could "serve and worship" God, but nothing for God or man could they do here away from the "assembled congregation." Deeply entrenched behind the dignity of a solemn antiquity, religion was to them a thing to be used on occasion only. Of them it

could never be said, "Blessed are your eyes for they see and your ears for they hear!" They did that which was formally prescribed, but they had not yet learned to see that every sufferer whom we can assist has a claim of neighbor love upon us which we cannot repudiate without injuring him and dishonoring God!

II. THE TWO WERE LIVING TWICE THE TIME, BUT THE ONE—THE GOOD SAMARITAN—WAS LIVING THE MOST.

As the watch clicks and ticks, as the pendulum of a clock swings, as the shadow of a sundial moves, they were living two seconds to his one, two minutes to his one, two hours to his one, two days to his one; but by God's measuring rod and by God's scales and by God's standards and by God's clock and by God's calendar, the good Samaritan was living ten hours to their one, ten years to their one day! By the way the good Samaritan let humanity put aside nationality in the presence of this utter stranger, and by the way he dismounted to help this suffering fellow-man, he did more to honor God in one hour than did the priest and the Levite in one hundred hours of "passing by on the other side."

They two lived the longest, as the hands of the clock or the figures on the calendar or the whirling of the earth around the sun measures time, but the good Samaritan lived the most. Yes, they two, ever reverent toward their venerable creeds, lived longest as minutes and hours, days and years are counted as they take swift flight into the tomb of time, but the good Samaritan, as the oil in the wounds and the wine in the bloody mouth and the bandages on the broken and bruised flesh testify, lived most and lived best. It is not how long we live but how much we live that makes us to clothe our lives in vigorous realities for Him who is the Life. It is not duration but intensity that weighs most on God's scales and measures most by the measuring rod of God-honor-

ing standards. When by the order of the Almighty we launch our vessels and by the breath of the Almighty fill our sails, we live more in one day than we live in a whole year's anchorage at some ignoble wharf. When we "yield our bodies to Him as a living sacrifice," and let the "muscle of the Almighty" swing our battle axes we live, really and highly live, more in a week than we would loitering in our tents during centuries of self-absorption and ease.

In the valley of Elah, Goliath "drew near morning and evening and presented himself forty days" (I Sam. 17:16) and hurled his defiant challenge to Saul and his men. "When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed and greatly afraid" (I Sam. 17: 11). But one day a shepherd lad, David, son of Jesse, came into camp; and this lad, with only a sling and a pebble but with a heart made brave by the faith he had in God, conquered the giant—and did more in one brief hour of courageous battle than had Saul and all Israel in forty days and forty nights. He, David, weighed more with his sling and pebble and staff than did Goliath with his helmet of brass and coat of mail and target of brass and spear that weighed eighteen pounds. For manhood always outweighs metal and meat. Moreover, David lived more in the swing of the hand that held the sling than did the timid and frightened "men of Saul" in many days, for one brave deed has in it more life than all the "quiet resting and timid counseling" of any army.

Two women, both of them known to me, died in Carolina. One woman died at the age of one hundred and seven—and had shut God out of her heart for one hundred and three years, having heard only three Gospel sermons in her life, having been baptized at the age of over one hundred. She lived a long time by the swing of the pendulum of the old, old clock in her home. A long

time she lived by the counting of the suns that passed over her head—a long time by the snows of many winters white upon her head—a long time as men count time. The other woman died at twenty-seven and, with hosts of sorrowing friends around her grave, and with her baby in the home crying for the mother's breast, they put her to rest in the village graveyard. She, like Dorcas, was a "good woman, full of good works and almsdeeds which she did." Days and weeks and months and years, gladly and willingly, she had served in that community, visiting the sick, helping the needy, ministering in the home, teaching in the Bible school, working here and there and everywhere, doing with her might what her hand found to do (Ecc. 9:10). Her going was like the taking away of an oasis in a desert, like the closing of a wayside well where thousands of weary pilgrims refresh themselves, like the removal of a "house by the side of the road," like the taking away of a great shade in the burning noonday heat and the taking away of a comforting shelter in the time of storm. Judged by the good she did, she lived more in one year than did the other woman in one hundred years. One lived the longest, yes, but the other lived the most.

Methuselah lived a long, long time. "And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years; and he died" (Gen. 5:27). But Jesus died at the age of thirty-three. Who lived the most, Jesus or Methuselah? Let the blind whom He made to see answer. Let the deaf whom He made to hear answer. Let the cripple whom He made to walk answer. Let the dumb whom He made to speak answer. Let the lepers whom He cleansed answer. Let those who saw their dead raised to life answer. Methuselah lived the longest—yes, the calendar says so and the clock says so and the multiplication table says so and the nine hundred and thirty-six years more that he lived on earth than Jesus lived

say so, but the thirty-three that Jesus lived had more of love and service and sacrifice than all the others. Methuselah lived the longest but Jesus lived the most.

Intensity and not duration is what counts most. And we need to learn that a man with a locomotive can do more in one day than a man with a wheelbarrow in a year. And we need to learn that it is not how long we are on this earth that counts most and means most, but how much we do and are that means most and counts most for time and eternity.

Who can tell by the mere extent of days as a measuring rod how much Jean Valjean lived when his soul was so troubled that his hair turned white in a single night? Who can tell by mere swings of a clock pendulum or by the reach of the shadow of the sundial how much Jesus lived when he "saw us plunged in deep distress and flew to our relief"? Who can tell by the calendar how much more people live who are "doers of the Word and not hearers only" than live those who are "hearers ever and doers never"?

We live in deeds, not years,
In thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs;
He lives the longest who lives the most,
Acts the best; lives more in weeks than
In years do some whose fat blood sleeps
As it creeps along their veins!

Yes, the priest and the Levite lived the longest, as figures mount up and as hours are marshaled, but the good Samaritan lived the most.

And not only so. There are other things to notice as they stand out in such vivid contrast! We would have you note that—

III. THEY TWO—THE PRIEST AND THE LEVITE—OUTNUMBERED THE GOOD SAMARITAN TWO TO ONE, BUT THE GOOD SAMARITAN OUTWEIGHED THEM BOTH.

They two, the priest and the Levite, outnumbered the good Samaritan. Yes, for they had two bodies to his one, two hearts to his one, four hands to his two, four feet to his two, four arms to his two, four eyes to his two, four ears to his two. But, judged by the need of the man by the roadside, and judged by his attitude toward the man and judged by what he did for the man, the good Samaritan outweighed them one hundred to one—and even more than that, as pure gold outweighs feathers, as fine linens outweigh rags, as diamonds outweigh moth dust and iron rust.

Walking under the finger posts of the Golden Rule, walking in the light of the praise and approval of God, walking by the urge of a compassionate heart, the good Samaritan weighed much on God's scales. Outnumbered was he by the rule of any counting method and by the steadfastness of the multiplication table, but he was not outweighed by them. By his splendid deeds blazoned abroad by a thousand trumpets, I say he outweighed them. By his self-forgetfulness and self-conquest, and judging him by that, I declare the good Samaritan outweighed the priest and the Levite by more than a two to one excess.

And now, in these stupendous days, such as God seldom saw, and such as the present world never saw, we need, everybody needs, to know men and women who, though they may at times be outnumbered, cannot be outweighed. We can follow their leadership without fear; we can trust them without doubt; we can love them without disappointment; we can join them in the battle, knowing that we shall "move on mightily to essential victory!" Thus it has been in years gone by!

Elijah, grand old Elijah, was outnumbered by the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel, but Elijah was not outweighed at all. Gideon's valiant three hundred were outnumbered greatly by the Midianite hosts, but these three hundred, with lamps and pitchers in their hands and a mighty courage in their hearts, were not at all outweighed. We have only to read the eighteenth chapter of First Kings to know what we have said about Elijah is true. We have only to read the seventh chapter of Judges to rejoice in the truth of what we have just spoken about Gideon and his small army. Shamgar, great Shamgar, was outnumbered by the more than six hundred Philistines whom he fought, but Shamgar outweighed them mightily. "Shamgar . . . which slew of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox goad: and he also delivered Israel" (Judges 3:31). Shammah also was greatly outnumbered by the enemies of the Lord, but he, for God's cause, outweighed them all. We read: "And the Philistines were gathered together into a troop, where was a piece of ground full of lentils: and the people fled from the Philistines. But he stood in the midst of the ground and defended it, and slew the Philistines: and the Lord wrought a great victory" (II Sam. 23:11, 12). God can always win great victories with men who, though outnumbered, are not outweighed.

Luther, the mighty Martin Luther, when in 1517 he nailed the theses to the door of the church in Whittenberg, was greatly outnumbered; but who dares to say that he was outweighed? When he nailed his fearless theses there, the sacred walls of the church held many "marvelous" relics, such as a chip from Noah's ark, some soot from the furnace in which the three Hebrew children were miraculously protected, a piece of wood from our Lord's cradle, some of St. Christopher's beard, and a thousand other "sacred" relics. And it took a man who weighed something to weigh more than

all those who outnumbered him. But Luther did them all outweigh!

Joseph was outnumbered by his brethren, but he outweighed them. Daniel was outnumbered in Babylon, but, "purposing in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's meats and with the wine which the king drank," he outweighed the whole gang. Paul was outnumbered on Mars Hill and in the Court of Agrippa and in Rome, but never was he outweighed by all of them. The widow's mites that day when Jesus sat over against the treasury were outnumbered by the coins dropped in by others, but her mites were not outweighed by any of the coins nor by all that were dropped in. Jesus meant just this when He said, "She hath cast in more than they all" (Luke 21:3). The twelve apostles were outnumbered when they started out, Jesus having cast the weight of the world's evangelization upon their shoulders, but the fact that they soon "lit a lamp in the palace of the Cæsars" is proof that they were not outweighed. Wyclif, who defied the anathemas of Rome and thus saved the English Bible, was outnumbered but not outweighed. Wilberforce, who defied the enmity and the power of capitalists, was often outnumbered but never outweighed—no, not any more than the dust of the roadway outweighs the ore in the mountain's bowels. In military affairs Lee was outnumbered, but he was never outweighed. Miltiades with only ten thousand Greeks was outnumbered by one hundred thousand Persians, but he was not outweighed. And we are not talking in the realm of mere avoirdupois and "bulging bulk" when we speak as we do.

The religion of Jesus—the religion that makes a man to know what it is to have his feet taken "out of the miry clay and put on the solid rock"—has been and is outnumbered, but it never has been and never will be outweighed. It may be outnumbered by Mohammedan-

ism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Shintoism, Eddyism, and other kindred paganisms, but as long as there are human hearts that want comfort and human minds that want prompting and human lives that want rest from burdens and immortal souls that want eternal salvation, this glorious religion will never be outweighed. All these other "religions," so "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," are, when it comes to meeting the deep needs of humanity, small, slight, insufficient, abysmally inadequate. These, all these, when put alongside the religion of Jesus Christ, are as dwarfs, feebly small, standing by a giant; as moles and mice, some utterly blind and some squeaky and noisy, standing among lions and tigers; as fluttering, quarreling, flitting sparrows claiming the reach of wing that a mighty eagle has.

The Bible, by many books, by many multitudes of books, has been outnumbered, but it has not been and cannot be outweighed. It is above and beyond all books as the river is beyond the rill in reach, as the sun is beyond and above the tallow dip in brightness, as the steel girder is above and beyond the wisp of straw in strength, as the ocean is beyond the mill pond in treasure and grandeur, as the grapevine is beyond the bramble in fruitbearing. Knowing this, strange it is that so many prefer other books than the Bible; passing strange that some prefer books with the taint of the gutter in them; strange, very strange, that many are swimming through sewerage to get one drop of truth when the Bible, God's book, my mother's book, the book that is still and will ever be the monarch among the trees, is near at hand. How tragic and sad that some should feed on carrion, or starve, when it is true, as many say, "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" (Psa. 119:103). "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than

honey and the droppings of the honeycomb!" (Psa. 19:10).

The Church of the Lord Jesus, which "He purchased with His own precious blood," is by multitudes of other institutions outnumbered, but it is never outweighed. And, after many centuries have passed, it is still true, and will ever be true that "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob" (Psa. 87:2). The Christian Church, "created by His humiliation, by the perfection of His human life, by the mystery of His passion, by His victory over sin and death and all the enemies of the race, by His triumphant resurrection, by His ascension, by the Spirit bestowed as the result of His own accomplished victory," can never be outweighed by any organization, for the Church is the instrument of the risen Lord for carrying on His doing and His teaching. As long as the "master passion" of the Church is to unveil God to the world and to establish the Kingdom of God upon the earth, she will proclaim the evangel to the uttermost parts of the earth and win territory for the King. What life the Church has, which life does not keep her from being outnumbered but does keep her from being outweighed. Somebody, Spurgeon, I believe, said of the Church, "Plunge her under the wave, and she rises the purer from her washing; thrust her in the fire, and she comes out the more bright for her burning; cut her in sunder, and each piece will make another church; behead her, and, like the hydra of old, she will have a hundred heads for every one you cut away; strip her naked, and she will come forth clothed with garments of praise; starve her, but, eventually and triumphantly, she will come forth with bread in her hands for the hungry of the world!" And this ought to make us to say from our hearts:

I love Thy Church, O God,
Her walls before me stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hands.

The watchings we have given the good Samaritan, as we have seen him outnumbered but not outweighed, ought to make us go forth glorying in truths never outweighed, in lives never outweighed, in achievements never outweighed.

But we have not finished.

IV. THEY TWO—THE PRIEST AND THE LEVITE—TRAVELED THE FASTEST, BUT THE GOOD SAMARITAN TRAVELED THE BEST.

They three traveled the same road, and on the same day, but how differently they traveled! The priest and the Levite, who “passed by on the other side,” went on their way hindered by no impediment, burdened by no encumbrance, slowed up in their traveling by no unsought load. Hence they could travel faster than the good Samaritan. While he who put the man on his beast and held him on the beast and walked beside the beast had to travel slowly, they, unburdened in heart by the man’s plight and unburdened in any way by “surplus baggage” left by the roadside, went on their way, piously moralizing, no doubt, over the man’s misdeeds, or, within their own hearts, saying: “It is the business of the Benevolent Society to look after such,” or, declaring with vigor, that the Government ought to make the roadways safer for those who traveled them. And doubtless, when they arrived at their destination, they told many “anxious listeners” of the need of the man, of the dangers by the way, of the immediate demand for “stricter police regulation” of the highways. But to give a lecture to others when the cry is for help from many is like “giving a serpent for a fish, or a scorpion for an egg.” Truly they had in “matters all minute” washed the color out of their religion—had fasted the red blood out of their atrophied convictions.

Yes, the two traveled the fastest, but the one, even the

good Samaritan, despised by both of them, traveled the best. He traveled because the rapidly westering sun could not weaken the compassion in his heart, because urgent business engagements could not cause him to "pass by on the other side," because love for the fellow unfortunate would not let Him leave him there in the bloody dust. Gripped by the "majesty of queenly love," he made a way for the man. "Wherever queenly love exists she makes a way for herself. No fashionable barriers will stop her progress; no denomination boundaries will hedge in her efforts; no guilt, even, will seal up the fountain of her benevolence. Over all such obstacles she will triumph!"

The good Samaritan did not travel so fast as the others, but he traveled so splendidly. He traveled best, because he helped another along the way. He who helps others along the rough roads and over the steep hills and through the dark valleys and across swollen streams always travels best, though he may not travel as fast or as comfortably or as gayly. 'Tis ever so. He who puts another "on his beast" and walks himself travels better than he who "rides alone." He who gives his stirrups to another's foot and his saddle to him who needeth traveleth better than he who "passes by on the other side."

When Theodore Roosevelt toured Africa, he traveled faster than did David Livingstone, but, by the records of heaven, Livingstone, the great missionary, traveled better than Roosevelt, the great statesman. When the Barnum and Bailey circus went through England it traveled faster than did D. L. Moody, but it was Moody who traveled best. Cæsar traveled in his chariot faster toward Rome than did Paul, but, by the message which he carried, and by the life he lived, Paul traveled the best. And many other examples we might mention, but

this will suffice to emphasize the thought we would plant in your minds and hearts.

Behold the road to Jerusalem! On the way to that city Ahab, in pomp and power, rode. Jeroboam, with the dazzling light of a flaming comet, rode. Solomon, in gorgeous glory unexcelled so far as earthly splendor is concerned, rode. And David, mighty statesman, poet, musician, warrior, in splendor becoming his state, rode. And others rode, traveling fast. But Jesus, Son of Man and Son of God, walked, walked ever, walked all the way. The King of kings walked where all the others rode; His sandal prints were seen in the road where chariot wheels made impressions deep. They traveled faster than He, the mighty One. But who traveled the best? Let the blind answer—the blind whom He made to see. Let the deaf answer—the deaf whom He made to hear. Let the dumb answer—the dumb whose tongue strings He loosed. Let the crippled answer—the crippled whose twisted limbs he straightened. Let the lepers, the loathsome lepers by the wayside, answer—the lepers whom He cleansed. Let the broken-hearted answer—the broken-hearted whom He healed and comforted. Let the sick answer—the sick whose fever fires He quenched, whose diseases He conquered. Let the sinners answer—the sinners whom He took from the gutter and clothed anew and cleansed inwardly. Let these, these all, answer. In mighty chorus they will assert that it is not he who travels fastest who travels best. And as long as the parable of the good Samaritan is abroad in the world, showing that his benevolence was not hindered by any considerations of personal convenience, so long will men learn that we travel best when we help others, less fortunate, to travel the way with us—so long will men know that he who “puts another on his beast” travels best.

Let *us* learn that, too, lest we be found giving a stone

when bread is needed, giving a serpent when a fish is asked, giving a scorpion when an egg is desired.

And this, also, in conclusion:

V. THEY TWO—THE PRIEST AND THE LEVITE—CHOSE THE EASIEST AND THE LEAST EXPENSIVE WAY, BUT THEY CHOSE THE WAY THAT PAID THE LEAST AND REPRESENTED TRUE BENEVOLENCE THE POOREST.

It cost the good Samaritan something to render this help. It cost him the loan of his beast while he himself walked. He made use of his sandals, the good Samaritan did, while he gave the other man his saddle. It cost him the price of the oil, even the oil itself, for he "poured in oil." It cost him the price of the wine which he "poured in." It cost him the price of the bandages which he used in binding up the fellow's wounds. It cost him whatever he had to pay at the inn where he left the man. It cost him something to get the man to the inn. He, like the priest and the Levite, might have passed by on the other side. The good Samaritan, had he spoken his thoughts, would have said something like this: "Well, I will stand whatever cost comes to me. My business can take care of itself, for awhile. I may be accused of this robbery if I am found here with this man. I may even be robbed myself. It may cost me a great deal before I finish with this bruised, broken, bloody fellow; but this man should be helped—and I am going to help him no matter what it costs me."

He was not helping either as one who is helpful before the footlights. He was not giving and helping to be seen and honored of men. He was not helping that he might secure some coveted position. He was not giving his oil and wine and money and bandages and his beast to "bring grist to his own mill." He was not doing any of this that he might "feather his own nest." He was not doing this that he might relieve himself from personal service.

No, for with his own hands he put the man on, and held him on, and took him on to the inn. And all he did cost him something.

But it cost the priest and the Levite nothing in oil, nothing in wine, nothing in bandages, nothing in money, nothing in personal inconvenience, nothing in any business transaction which was delayed—nothing in material things at all here. And we find many today who, because of the cost, pass by on the other side. They would be willing to be “good Samaritans” if it did not cost some “wine and oil” by the roadside and “the two pence” at the inn. Many desire the praise that came to that good Samaritan and the praise that comes to all such who live today, but they are not willing to “pay the price”—not willing to make the sacrifice for the joy that comes with sacrifice. However, the priest and the Levite missed much “pay” and robbed themselves of much joy.

And it is always true that the least expensive side is often the costliest side. It costs to be good Samaritans on this “highway that leads to a great eternity,” but it costs more not to be. It costs to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom in this world; it costs more not to do so. It will cost a young man or a young woman to get an education; it will cost much more not to. It will cost any man in this world to be a Christian, out and out, snow-white and sky-blue, but it will cost him lots more not to be. None of love’s labors are lost—when that love expends itself in “unquestionable unselfishness.” It will cost a man to work his crop; it will cost more not to do so. It cost Abraham to get from his kindred and his country “into the land God would show him.” It would have cost him much more had he not done so.

It cost Moses to “refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh’s daughter.” It cost him to “choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasure

of Egypt," but because he did make a great refusal and a great choice and did esteem the things worth while—because he paid the price—his wonderful life can be placed side by side with him who so nobly said; "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord" (Phil. 3:7-8). Yes, and the life of Moses resembles the course of the sun, "rising in beauty, going forth in power, shining more and more unto the perfect day." And his death resembles the setting of the sun, going down in a sea of glory, setting only to shine in the firmament beyond!

And more we might say! But as we think of the joy that came to the good Samaritan, as we think of the "re-joicing that would not remove from his own heart," let us read again the parable of the good Samaritan, remembering that, as Mrs. Browning says:

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
 After its own life workings;
 A child's kiss set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
 A poor man helped by thee shall make thee rich;
 A sick man nursed by thee shall give thee health;
 A weak one helped by thee shall give thee strength;
 An ignorant one taught by thee shall make thee wise;
 Thou shalt be served thyself
 By every sense of service which thou renderest!

And may we not forget as we go forth again upon the highways of life, where many are left destitute and robbed and bruised and broken, where we see ten thousand tragedies of sin, that the least expensive side is the costliest often, and that we represent Him poorest who gave Himself for men when we pass by on the other side, keeping our "wine and oil and money" for ourselves, riding our "lone saddle alone." May we hear Jesus saying to us across the centuries, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me."

May we be willing to be "neighbors to them that fall among thieves" by going and doing as the good Samaritan did! "Go thou, and do likewise!"

And may I drop into your hearts, along with the parable, as "good seed sown in good ground," to bring forth "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred-fold," this bit of truth in poetry?

"Lord, must I bear the whole of it?"

"Even as I was crucified, My son!"

"Will it suffice if I the thorn crown wear?"

"To take the scourge My shoulders were made to bear?"

"My hands, O Lord, must I be nailed in both?"

"Twain gave I to the hammers, nothing loath!"

"But sure, O Lord, my feet need not be nailed?"

"Had Mine not been then love had not prevailed!"

"What need I more, O Lord, to do my part?"

"Only the spear-point in thy broken heart!"

CHAPTER 3

SLEEPING IN HARVEST

He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame (Prov. 10:5).

Frequently I think of the solemnity of midnight. Midnight—when the stars keep sentinel duty on those battle fields of the skies where once “the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.” Midnight—when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin. Midnight—when the chariot wheels of vanity roll here and there. Midnight—when vice and misery are abroad. Midnight—when even an atheist almost believes in God. Midnight—when the whole world stands “black and breathless as a nun!” Midnight—when there is oft stillness like the terrible stillness of heartbreak. Midnight—when the pitiless and passionless eyes of worlds beyond ours burn man’s nothingness into man. Midnight—which is the outlaw’s opportunity and the burglar’s day. Midnight—which is the black mantle under which light-shunning theft and vile felony, murder and shameful deceit, as comrades, travel abroad. Midnight—which bad men love, because their deeds are evil. Midnight—which good men love, because of Him who reigneth above darkness. No wonder Lowell said: “O wild and wondrous midnight, there is a might in thee to make the charmed body almost like spirit, and give it some faint glimpses of immortality!”

But beyond the wonders of midnight to me is the mysterious wonder of sleep. When sleep comes to eyes, the whole body is ruled. The feet walk not, the hands lose their skill and are at rest, the ears hear not, the tongue seldom speaks—when sleep sets up her throne on the eyes. Wonderful sleep. Sleep—which is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, rest for the weary, recreating for the wasted. Sleep—which makes the shepherd equal to the monarch, the fool equal to the wise. Sleep—which is so deathlike we dare not trust ourselves to it without prayer. Sleep—which is to the homeless a home, and to the friendless a friend. Sleep—which receives obedience from the babe in the cradle and from the criminal on the jail cot. Sleep—which is a welcome visitor in the palace and in the hut, on the farm and in the city, on the sea and on the land.

Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care;
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath:
Balm of hurt minds; great nature's second course;
Chief nourisher in life's feast!

Sleep—which is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfill all the offices of death except to kill. Sleep—the ante-chamber of death. Sleep! In it oppressors soothe their angry brows. In it the oppressed forget tyrannic power. In it the wretch condemned is equal to the judge. In it the sad forget their sorrows, the bereaved their losses.

I. THE VALUE OF SLEEP.

The fact of sleep we do not deny. Every living creature this earth has known and does now know sleeps. The white cranes of the air and the black monsters of the sea sleep. The minnow of the shallow rill sleeps. The whale of the ocean sleeps. The fishes in the coral parlors of the deep sleep. The creeping things in the mud sepulchers of the ocean sleep. The serpents in the slime of the earth sleep. The beasts in the jungles sleep. The

swine in the wallow holes, the sheep of the pasture lands, and the cattle on a thousand hills sleep. The gulls which float on the sea waves and the eagles which nest on the pinnacles of the crags sleep. The sparrows of the hedges and the fowls of the barnyard sleep. The fool and the philosopher, the soldier and the sailor, the prince and the pauper, the queen and the washerwoman, the king and the clown, the plowman and the poet—all these sleep.

The necessity of sleep we do not deny. As water is a necessity for the flesh, as food is a necessity for the stomach, as air is a necessity for the lungs, as light is a necessity for the eye, as garments are a necessity for the body, as rain is a necessity for the fields, as fire is a necessity for roasting—so sleep is a necessity for all.

The rich man could live without servants, but not without sleep. The king could live without royal attendants, but not without sleep. The beggar could live without a bed, but not without sleep. The scholar could live without pen or books, but not without sleep. The athlete could live without training, but not without sleep. The child could live without play, but not without sleep. We could live without the sense of sight and the sense of hearing and the sense of touch and the sense of smelling, but not without sleep. Always indispensable is sleep.

The blessing of sleep we do not deny. If we could not sleep when the muscles are sore and the body tired and the mind all a-fag how wretched we would be. "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet." If we could not sleep in sorrow—how full of torture the nights would be. If trouble or pain or distress or grief kept us forever awake—not long could we live. The one experience common to all—the experience of Abraham "mid the deep darkness," the experience of Jacob at Bethel and of Daniel in the den and of David in the sheep pastures and of Jesus on the ship and of Nero on the throne—is the ex-

perience of sleep. All men everywhere, in frozen north lands and in sweltering tropic places, acknowledge the blessing of sleep. What the river is to the desert, transforming it, is sleep to the body, bringing recuperation and a rebuilding of the waste places. What the mother's milk-full breast is to the child, giving it nourishment, is sleep to the tired body, giving it new life. What the anesthetic is to the pain-ridden limb, giving oblivious rest, is sleep to the sorrow-smitten mind and heart, giving new strength.

One of the most excruciating tortures of the Dark Ages was the walking agony—the keeping of prisoners awake until they became gibbering idiots or fell dead before their inquisitors. Life without the complete relaxation of sleep is impossible, unthinkable. Yes, sleep is a friend. And sleep may be an enemy. Like many another blessing from God, it can be misused and turned against us, which brings us to the place where and when we are ready to say:

II. THERE ARE TIMES WHEN SLEEP IS SINFUL AND SHAMEFUL.

This the text surely teaches. This observation can truly shout from the housetops. This experience can make known in the inner chamber. This history loudly proclaims. This we ourselves know. Sleep, the necessity, the blessing, the indispensable experience, can be at times and does become at times, sinful, dishonorable, shameful, a thing of the devil, the unwanted badge of disgrace. “He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame!” Sleep is a blessing and harvest is a blessing. But to sleep in harvest is to brand ourselves as sons and daughters of shame.

The nurse must sleep, but for her to close her eyes in sleep when her patient's condition demands strict and

constant attention is dangerous for the patient and shameful for her.

The surgeon must sleep, but he is criminally negligent if he sleeps when his patient has been prepared for the knife. A son of shame indeed is he—if he is asleep when he should be alertly awake to tie a severed artery or to set a broken bone.

The policeman must sleep. But he is inexcusably careless of the welfare of others, shamefully slothful in his protective position, if he goes to sleep while assassins sneak about, while thieves break through and steal.

The fireman must sleep, but not when the city burns. Nay, not even when one small cottage is being eaten up by flames. For a fireman to turn again to his pillow while the fire alarm rings in his ears is shamefully worthless.

The engineer must sleep. But not when he is at the throttle—not while his engine plunges through the midnight or sweeps along at noonday. Death to himself and death to others and damage to property would result from such diabolic disregard.

The soldier must sleep. But he must not, he dare not, sleep when he is on sentinel duty. Surely doth the penalty of death descend upon him who sleeps when he ought to be watching from the city walls or from the lonely outpost. Teaching us what? That there are times when sleep, sleep the necessity and sleep the blessing, is dangerous and dishonorable and inexcusable.

The captain of the ship must sleep. But poor captain is he who sleeps when icebergs adrift or storm clouds all arise on the horizon or furious winds lash the seas demand constant and keen watchfulness.

The signal man in the railroad tower must sleep—sometimes. But never should he be so recreant to trust as to sleep when on duty, when fast trains hurtle in sight and signal for closed switches.

The lighthouse keeper must sleep. But how great a menace is he to the ships seeking to avoid the rocks and the shallow shore if he sleeps when the lamps are unlit and the signal lights false.

The mother must sleep, but not when her child's life depends on her being awake and wakeful. How cruel would that mother be should she sleep while her child, with no language but a cry, called to her for help in the battle of disease. What a shame would careless or intentional sleep be.

The shepherd must sleep, but not when wolves and coyotes prowl about snatching lambs from folds here and there. How unlike a true shepherd is any shepherd who sleeps while wild animals drink fountains of blood from the throats of his flocks.

The watchman on the walls must sleep—at times. But never when the enemy seeks to enter the gates of the city by strategy or open attack.

The life savers on the wave-washed and storm-beaten shores of our land must sleep. But how utterly cowardly is it for them to sleep when from out the ghostly pallor of the sea there comes the signal of a crippled ship—when from out the howling uproar of the storm a human voice calls in distress.

The preacher must sleep. But he must not sleep when in the dead of night a dying man calls for someone to show him the way from darkness to light, from bondage to liberty—not when a breaking heart with its cry awakes him seeking comfort. Nor must he sleep when theological snipers from behind pulpits and college chairs attack God's Word—nor when false teachers in sheep's clothing are about, seeking whom they may devour.

Jonah had to sleep. But he ought not to have been asleep on a ship going to Tarshish when God wanted him in Nineveh preaching to that great city, God's message.

The five virgins had to sleep. But how foolish they were to sleep while the bridegroom tarried, while they had no oil in their lamps. Abner had to sleep. But had he been true to his king he would not have slept when it was his business to watch while God's anointed slept. Eutychus had to sleep. But how unfortunate and tragic that he slept while Paul, the great genius and the great preacher, opened the treasure house of God's truth. The tragedy represented in that twentieth chapter of Acts lies in the fact that Eutychus was able to sleep in the presence of a preacher to whose voice twenty centuries have intently listened. Paul was an orator who today is recognized as the greatest preacher who ever proclaimed the Gospel of Christ, and while this great world genius preached there sat in the window a certain young man named Eutychus, "being fallen into a deep sleep." And what that young man did at Troas, many have done when the time came to gather sheaves of truth.

Over in Athens once a man, a great man with eyes that saw afar, talked in the market places to the young men about the destiny of their souls. But they, "asleep in harvest time," led him to jail, forced the poison cup upon him, and ushered him out of the world. Then, too, you remember how there came into Florence, Dante and the great Savonarola, one a mighty poet who could reach from pole to pole with the outstretched wings of his poetic powers, one burning with eloquence vividly like a volcano in eruption at midnight. But the people were asleep in the day of harvest. They treated as garbage the principles of life conduct spread before them like ripe harvest fields by men who saw afar. And they of Florence flung themselves like folks in the ravings of nightmares, to thrust them out of the city, or to burn them in the public square, for the delectation of a sordid and stupid populace shamefully asleep in the

time of harvest. Truly "He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame!"

And so they of the days of Jesus, in a sort of stupid somnambulism, thrust Jesus out of their synagogue and out of their village. Disgracefully asleep in harvest they! And when He was hanging stretched upon the Cross, about Him were a lot of stupefied folk with heavy eyelids seeing nothing in the most tragic event in the history of the world. What did it matter to the Roman soldiers, gambling at the foot of the Cross, with "their callous intellects and thoughts as torpid as the rusty waters of a sluggish stream," that the sun went down at noon and the earth was darkened in the clear day (Amos 8:9)? In the moment that the Son of God forgave the thief, and offered His prayer to the Father, and breathed His last, these stupid men, blindly asleep with wide-open eyes, all unconscious of the eternal value of things, were concerned only with the coat of the Carpenter. Sons of shame they were, forever pilloried in the contempt of the world, as those who slept in the harvest days!

III. SLEEP IN HARVEST CAUSETH SHAME.

Why? Because it shows a lack, a shameful lack, of a sense of responsibility. How sad, how tragic, how shameful it is when fields are ripe unto the harvest—and many feel no sense of responsibility as to gathering in the sheaves.

Yonder on Mt. Carmel while Elijah prayed, Ahab went up to eat and to drink. Ahab had no sense of responsibility. Elijah did. Within the sacred precincts of the Church the Ahab spirit and the Elijah spirit may be found. Some, in the face of great harvest fields, sit down to eat and drink, and rise up to play. Many disport themselves on the seashore—half clad and half pleasure mad. Some roam the hills and dash at the risk

of their lives in speeding motor cars along every highway. Many lounge in clubs and hotel lobbies. Many lie abed at home. Many are habitual screen gazers. Many sit in stupid idleness, all unheedful of the long spiritual drouth and of the consequent need and famine of the world. If the preacher preaches to varnish—what matters it? If the “little foxes” spoil the vines in the Lord’s vineyard—what matters it? If ripened fields go to waste—what matters it? If Kingdom plans die at birth—what matters it? If the Gospel chariot wheels lag—what matters it? If men die in the miry clay—what do they care? If worms of sin are gnawing at the fairest flowers in the garden of life—what do they care? The spirit of Ahab is theirs. They are interested only in what will minister to the senses or give them ease and physical pleasure.

But praise be to God—the Elijah spirits are among us, too. There are those who from their purses hire men to go forth into the ripe harvest fields. There are those who sharpen the scythes for those who bend their backs to the reaping. There are those who furnish twine for those who do the binding. There are those who sweep the garners when the sheaves are to be brought in. There are those who stand up and out against the prophets of Baal—and feel the responsibility. We do have our Elijahs who climb to the summit of Carmel and bow their faces between their knees and pray for the Church and for the youth of our land and for the salvation of America, feeling a great responsibility. There are those who climb to the Carmels of their communities, and in God’s houses of prayer have confessed their sins and prayed for and worked for the peace and progress of mankind and the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ.

Why does sleep in harvest cause shame? Because the harvest will not wait. Harvest time is crisis time.

This crisis must be vigorously and promptly met. Grain once ripe must be gathered in at once or it will fall to the ground and be lost. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune." Doors once opened but unentered may close again. Minds made susceptible but not won for Christ may turn away and become hardened. Truth resisted once is easier to resist next time, you know. We must strike while the iron is hot. It is now or never—when the harvest is ripe and ready for the reaping.

Why are those who sleep in harvest sons and daughters who cause shame? Because the harvest will not reap itself. The harvest needs men—to reap in the high places. The harvest needs women—to glean in the corners. The harvest needs men and women to gather it in. When the harvest is on—how shameful it is when the Church itself is a cemetery where the living sleep above the ground and the dead beneath the ground.

There is no time for play when the harvest is ripe. To sleep in harvest time is to sleep in a time of supreme need. This is what the disciples did that night, that awful night, when Jesus was in prayer in Gethsemane, in blood-sweating agony in Gethsemane. They slept in the time of urgent need.

Now a man asleep is useless. He toils not, neither does he spin. A man asleep has lost his savor. No use to make impassioned appeal to him about God's most daring enterprise, for he is asleep. He cannot be used in any program in the Church, for he is deaf to all the holier calls. He is blind to all the loftier visions. He is a spiritual nonentity. He does not count. He weighs nothing on God's scales of requirement. He is powerless as a tombstone—as impotent as spots of dried blood. The Church needs him; God needs him; every good cause needs him. But he is asleep.

Robert Browning says: "Be sure they sleep not

whom God needs!" God wants us spiritually wide awake today. His program is so tremendous and so colossal that it should enlist the heart and hand of everyone. Oh, it is our shame today and may be our lasting shame in death that God needed us—and we slept. "He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame."

Back to Gethsemane's garden! We can be awake when it is too late. It was so with the disciples whom Jesus told to watch that night. That night in the garden when the "sufferings of Christ's soul formed the soul of His sufferings," Jesus came to those whom He had asked to watch and found them asleep. He cometh the third time and findeth them asleep, and He said "Sleep on now!" Sleep on—and take your rest. The hour was past—for them. The fine opportunity was gone. Those three disciples might have done something an hour ago that is now impossible to them—forever. If they had been awake, they might have comforted the Son of God in the grim loneliness of His agony. But! It is too late now. Too late to give one bit of sympathy to the suffering heart. Too late to wipe away one drop of the bloody sweat. Too late to share the agony of the soul "exceeding sorrowful unto death." Too late to comfort Him now. God had sent an angel to do what they had had the chance to do and failed to do.

Christ is saying with pathos indescribable to you and to me today: "Can you not arouse yourselves from your sleep, shake yourselves from this lethargy of death, and watch with Me in this great harvest night?" Men and brethren, are we acting as we ought to act in the time of harvest? Men and women, are we saying with the disciples of old, "Four months and then the harvest"? Or are we throwing our God-given energies and resources unreservedly into this great enterprise for God and for souls at this crucial hour? Is the harvest song in our

hearts and the harvest blades in our hands while the "fields are white unto the harvest"?

O heart, heart, know ye not that while you are asleep the forces of evil are stirring, planning, organizing, marching with their swords and staves to humiliate the Son of God in a malicious night attack? "Be sure they sleep not whom God needs!" "He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame!" "Awake, thou that sleepeth!"

CHAPTER 4

THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST

Without the shedding of blood there is no remission (Heb. 9:22).

Interwoven in the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation is a scarlet thread—the story of redemption. Only as we consider that red road do we properly understand the story of man's sin and the Cross of Christ. Overlook that scarlet thread in your reading of the Bible; ignore its fact in your religious life; remove it from your thought, and you have no Christianity. Without knowledge of that scarlet thread we have no knowledge of the supreme theme of the Bible—and we are ignorant of the full price He paid for human redemption.

Pitching our mental tents around Genesis the third chapter and the twenty-first verse, we must consider the first glimpse of blood. "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them." It was impossible for God to clothe Adam and Eve with the skins of beasts unless He had shed blood. It was, as many have said, and as many believe, a case of the innocent slain for the guilty.

Coming on from the Old Testament into the New Testament, we pause at the twenty-eighth verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew's Gospel. That night, with the shadow of the Cross looming darkly and immediately ahead, yonder in the upper room, Jesus took the cup, filled and burning with red wine, that red wine glowing like flaming coals in a miniature furnace, and

said: "This is my *blood* of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." Or, expressed in another way, "This is my blood of the new covenant which is shed for many for the discharging of the penalty of sin—for the paying off of the terrible debt of sin!"

And, passing from this verse, we travel on until we come to the verse, gleaming like a jewel in a casket of jewels, in the treasure house of the book of Hebrews: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission!"

And, as we think on this verse, let us insist that it is no mere Jewish maxim. It is not the slight urging of a light proverb. It is not the fragment of a half-forgotten song to be lightly sung for mere entertainment. It is no mere advertising poster that calls attention to things we can choose or leave alone, as we see fit. It is no mere menu card where we can choose what suits and refuse what does not appeal to our tastes. It is a world-wide, eternal truth. It pertaineth not to the Hebrews only, but to the Gentiles, Greeks, Scythians, barbarians, bond and free, likewise. Never in any hour gone forever into the tomb of time has anyone received remission of sins apart from the shedding of blood. Never in any hour that is yet to come from the womb of time will anyone know remission apart from the shedding of blood. The sun by day and the moon by night shine not upon any land where there has ever been the remission of sins without the shedding of blood. "Never, in any person, can there be remission apart from the shedding of blood. The great fact is stamped on nature; it is an essential law of God's moral government; it is one of the fundamental principles which can neither be shaken or denied!"

But as we pitch our mental tents upon and spread our heart meditations around this text at this hour, we must

understand first that this text has in mind the pointing out of—

I. SPECIAL BLOOD.

Not the blood of the first plague which smote Egypt, when the Nile River from source to sea was blood, when every little fountain gushed blood, when every little stream ran blood, when the water in vessels of wood and in vessels of stone was blood, when the water in the ivory bath tubs of Pharaoh was red like the drain pipes in a slaughter pen full of blood, when “there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt,” and “all the Egyptians digged round about the river for water to drink.” Not that blood!

Not the blood of beasts slain at the temple dedication when Solomon “offered a sacrifice of 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep,” when the people, “a very great congregation from the entering in of Hamath unto the river of Egypt,” came to the dedication services of the magnificent house which went up from the lowest stone in its foundation to the topmost roof edge without sound of hammer or saw. Not that blood!

Not the blood shed when Herod slew the babies under two years of age. Not that blood shed then. Not the blood of helpless little children snatched from the arms of their mothers, and slain in cottage and palace, in street and on lawn. Not that blood!

Not the blood shed when Jeseoph’s brothers took the coat of many colors, every color subdued by the blood of a kid, to Jacob. Not that blood! Not the blood shed that night of the arrest when Peter drew a sword and cut off the ear of Malchus. Not that blood! Not the blood, the rivers of blood, the ponds of blood, shed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew’s Day, in Paris, on August 24, 1572. What a day was that! A little past midnight, a tolling bell announced the hour when the

sword and the butcher's blade were to awake—and for three days the massacre went on within the city, spreading then to the countries round about. But not the blood of the hundred thousand people shed in one of the most awful crimes of history. Not that blood!

Not the blood shed in the destruction of Jerusalem, in 70 A. D., when Titus Vespasian destroyed the city and one million Jews perished within the walls outside which Jesus had been crucified. Not that blood shed when "there were not trees enough in the forests for crosses nor room in the earth to hold crosses when erected!" Not that blood. Not the blood shed in the French Revolution of 1792 when eighteen hundred men and women of royal blood lost their heads on the greedy guillotine in the September massacre. No, not that blood. Not the blood shed in our own land in those years when millions of men marched Southward and millions of men marched Northward and met in death struggle fierce and awful—and sweet Southern blood and brave Northern blood—streams of it—were shed. Not that blood.

Not the blood of Paul, which soaked the dust of the guillotine, nor the blood of Latimer and Cranmer, which simmered in the fire, nor the blood of high-souled martyrs, which reddened the mouths of lions in the Coliseum—no, not that blood! But the blood that "cleanseth from all sin," being sinless, the blood of the slain Lamb of God "that taketh away the sin of the world." That blood! That blood! The blood "that flowed from Immanuel's veins." The blood that "cleanses us from all unrighteousness," being righteous blood. The blood which came from the blood-shedding which does all other shedding of blood far outvie—precious blood!

Go quietly, with thy shoes from off thy feet, into Gethsemane. See Jesus there! Drops of blood streaming down His face and oozing from His body. Every pore,

like a wee gate that will not stay shut, is open and blood comes out. What strange sweat! Not the sweat of men who earn their bread by "the sweat of their brow"! Not the sweat of men who exhaust their strength in athletic struggle. It is the sweat of One whose "soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death." The sweat of One who was "made sin in our behalf," Himself knowing no sin! The Gethsemane blood is the blood without which there is no remission.

Follow Him to Pilate's court. With the coldheartedness with which men drag oxen forth to the slaughter pen, they have dragged Him with sacrilegious hands from the place of His prayer, from the place of His agony, from the place where the shuddering necessity of a world's sin rolled in upon His soul, and they have taken Him to Pilate's judgment hall. In merciless mockery, they put upon Him a purple robe. In unmatched cruelty, they put a crown of thorns upon His brow and press it down, regarding not the nerves it tears and the arteries it punctures. Crimson drops are staining the cheeks that never blushed for shame, cheeks white now like a hawthorn blossom. This is the shedding of blood without which there is no remission of your sin, of my sins, of all sins!

But, if the sight be not too much for you, look again! Hark! Do you hear something hissing like adders in flame? It is the sound of the merciless steel lashes of Pilate's scourge biting into His flesh. Do you hear a sound as of threads breaking in a tangled loom? It is the scourge tearing His flesh as eagles tear with sharp talons and trenchant beaks the tender flesh of captive lamb. Do you hear a sound as of water dripping from low eaves? It is His blood dripping from His body to the marble floor. And this is the blood without which there is no remission.

But, come and sit down and watch Him there, out

yonder on the Cross. Look! With earth and hell and heaven as witnesses, in agony unknown He bleeds His life away; in terrible throes He exhausts His soul as His soul is made an "offering for sin"! And while the sun in the heavens refuses to look on that dread scene, the Son of God bleeds from His palms, from His feet, where the nails went, from the brow where the thorns are, from the side where the savage spear went. This is the shedding of blood, the awful shedding of blood, the terrible pouring out of blood, without which, for you, for me, for the whole human race, there is no remission.

II. THE ONLY WAY.

The only way is pointed out to us in this text. God leaves no room for evasion. God gives no chance for choosing any other thing as our preference. This is certain—"no remission without the shedding of blood." This is God's certain word—"No remission without the shedding of blood." This gives no place for compromise, no place for changing loose expediences for heavenly mandates, no place for diluting the stringency of God's edict. Positively decisive is the truth of these words.

But one man says: "But is God's heart so hard that He is not moved to extend mercy when He sees one in tears? May I not weep and prevail upon God through many tears to forgive me?" No. God says nothing about remission through tears. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission!"

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Another man says, forgetting that we work from the Cross and not to the Cross: "But if I give all my goods to feed the poor and make many days of my life days of

almsgiving, will not God forgive me for the sake of having been kind to the poor and for having given my money to help the needy?" The text is very plain: "No remission without the shedding of blood."

Others ask: "But if we give ourselves zealously to cultural advancement, will not God forgive us because of our development in culture?" "No remission without the shedding of blood!" God permits no quibbling with that statement.

Others ask: "But we observe the Golden Rule, ever doing unto others as we would have them do unto us. Will not God forgive us because of our obedience?" Just as well ask, "Can a fish swim without water?" The text is so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein—"No remission without the shedding of blood!" Another, much troubled and very anxious, asks: "But surely if God is merciful He will save me without the shedding of blood!" And still the text rings out in no uncertain tones: "No remission without the shedding of blood." What can wash away our sins, our black, dark, foul sin stain? Nothing but the blood of Jesus! What can make us, foul as we are with the loathsome leprosy of sin, whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus! What can set us, shackled as we are with the galling bonds of sin, free forever? Nothing but the blood of Jesus! "We have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. 1:7 and Col. 1:14).

"The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness." It is good for a man to live and to die in the hope of that verse. If any man live not in the hope of that verse, he is basing his hopes on quicksands that will swallow him up. If any man die not in that hope, his pillow will be one of hard stones which no hand can smooth and make soft. If any man walk not in the light of that verse, he is building for himself a dun-

geon whose walls are confusion and whose only light is darkness. If any man rejoice not in the blessed truth of that verse, his ears are deaf to the sweetest song of all.

Let us turn and pluck a wondrous flower from the great Scripture garden. In Exodus the twelfth chapter, we read that on the night when God passed through Egypt executing judgment upon the first born, He kept the promise He had made to the children of Israel, namely: "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt" (Ex. 12:13). The blood on the doorposts kept the destroyer away from the houses of the Israelites. Where the blood was not, the first born died. And—mark this—had they put jewels on the side posts and diamonds in the lintels of the doors it would not have kept the destroyer away. Had rubies gleamed like red flames from every door, had diamonds shone like miniature suns from every side post, had silver and gold covered all the posts it would not have availed for the saving and protection of the first born. Only the blood made the death angel pass over. "When I see the blood, I will pass over you!" Nothing but the blood.

Let us pluck and scrutinize another wondrous flower from the garden of the Scriptures. In the book of Joshua Rahab was told by the spies this: "Thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window which thou didst let us down by: and thou shalt bring thy father, and thy mother, and thy brethren, and all thy father's household, home unto thee. And it shall be, that whosoever shall go out of the doors of thy house into the street, his blood shall be upon his head, and we will be guiltless: and whosoever shall be with thee in the house,

his blood shall be on our head, if any hand be upon him" (Josh. 2:18, 19).

And on that fatal day when Joshua's army came, blood flowed abundantly. The city was burnt with fire and all therein was, "only the silver, and the gold, and the vessels of brass and of iron, they put into the treasury of the house of the Lord. . . . And Joshua saved Rahab . . . alive, and her father's household, and all that she had" (Josh. 6:24, 25). The scarlet line in the window saved them. Had they been in any other house; had they depended on anything else; had they put their trust in anything else; had they fastened their hopes on any other house and on any other window and on any other line, their cries would have gone up with those who perished in the flames, and their blood would have flowed with the blood of man and beast as the gutters of the city ran red. That was the only way. And that scarlet line in Rahab's window emphasizes the text: "No remission without the shedding of blood."

III. NO REMISSION WITHOUT THE SHEDDING OF BLOOD PUTS ALL ON THE SAME LEVEL.

"This is my blood of the new testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins" (Matt. 26:28). "No remission without the shedding of blood!"

What mountains of pride and conceit those words bring low! The fact that there is no remission without the shedding of blood makes all equal before God. It puts the Chinaman eating rats in Hongkong on the level with the millionaire eating canvasback duck in the Waldorf-Astoria. It puts the Eskimo feasting on putrid blubber amid the ice floes of the North on the same level with the cultured professor teaching trigonometry. It puts the red man with his savage war whoop on the level with the operatic performer who sings solos at a thousand dollars each. It puts the queen in the

palace on a level with her washerwoman. It puts the stokers in the bowels of the ship on equal footing with the captain on the deck. It puts the banker with his millions on the same plane with the boy who blacks his boots. It makes the woman with pearls and palaces no higher than the working girl who stands behind the counter. It puts all on equal standing. "God is no respecter of persons!" The blood considered, the lord of an estate is no bigger than his coachman. The blood considered, the minister is on the same plane with the janitor. There are no "upper deck" and "steerage" passengers. There are no "first class" and "second class" coaches. There are no "ladies first" nor "millionaires to the front" nor "beggars last" in the plan of salvation.

"Without the shedding of blood there is no remission"—no matter how much richer nor how much more cultured nor how much more educated nor how much more honored nor how much more popular than others you may be. There is no hope for the best without this shedding of blood. There is no hope for the worst without this shedding of blood. There is no hope for the bedraggled beggar without this shedding of blood. There is no hope for the money magnate without this shedding of blood. There is no hope for anyone without this shedding of blood. I believe it was Spurgeon who said: "Put up your money bags—they will not procure remission; put away your bonds—they will not secure remission; roll up your diplomas—they will not secure remission; forget your farm and barns filled with plenty—they will not get you remission; boast not of your superior culture—it will not get you remission; cover up that escutcheon—that coat of arms will not get you remission; look away from that family tree—it will not bring you remission; record not thy deeds of philanthropy—these will not get you remission! And come,

ye ragged beggars, filthy offscouring of the world, penniless! Come hither! Here is remission as much for you, ill-bred, ill-mannered though ye be, as for the noble, the honorable, the titled, and the wealthy!"

Yes, all stand on a level here. For "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God!" It is not by weighing our merits, not by measuring our worth, not by claiming culture, but by the shed blood we have remission!

IV. A QUESTION: IS THERE NOT SOMETHING AWFUL TO SAVE MEN FROM?

If there is no remission without shedding of blood, is there not something awful to save men from, something more terrible than words can say, something sufficiently terrible to make us to stop and consider, to open our eyes, to look behind and before, to open our ears to the warnings of God? Yes! And that awful thing is hell—hell where the smoke of the torment of the damned ascendeth up forever! Hell—"the lake of fire"—"outer darkness"—"bottomless pit"—reality more terrible than any words used to impress the reality upon the minds of men!

Calvary is meaningless unless we see its necessity! God put Calvary with its blood-stained Cross and blood-drenched slopes across the path of every hell-bound, hell-deserving sinner. But Calvary is meaningless, a place of sound and fury signifying nothing, unless we have eyes to see and hearts to understand its necessity.

"But," somebody asks, "you don't believe in a literal hell—do you?" Well, dear friend, this is eternally true: If the language be figurative, as some claim, the reality which the figurative language pictures is more terrible than the darkest words can describe. Granted that the language is figurative, let me say by taking the language figuratively we do not lessen that terror of

hell, hell with its intensity of agony, hell with its eternity of duration. No! To a rightly constituted mind, the figure is always less than the reality.

And now, let me ask a question. This: Have you really seen the dark, deeply dark, dreadfully dark, background of John three sixteen? Preachers and teachers everywhere dwell often on that verse. And mighty verse it is—a veritable river in a desert—a sun in a world of darkness. But there is one word we overlook entirely too much in that verse, a word mightily and vividly terrible, even the word *perish*. We skip lightly over that word oftentimes. With glad hearts we speak of the great love that loved us while we were yet sinners. But, rapturously exultant amid the glories of the text, we see not enough nor point out enough the dark, the distressingly dark, background. Never darker background dwelt behind brighter foreground! Never blacker darkness reigned beyond more gorgeous sunrise! Never darker night ruled beyond the rim of wondrous day! Black night and black blackness indeed within the narrow limits of that one vivid and terrible word, *perish*! The darkness of the bottomless pit encircles that word! With black spears that verse opens our sluggish eyelids to the reality of a real and awful hell.

We have only to read the thirty-sixth verse of the third chapter of John to understand that hell is a constituent and essential part of universal atonement. Mark ye: “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him!” (John 3:36).

Yes, Calvary is a funny farce and a censurable comedy, unless we see the tragedy and necessity of it. The sinner can only meet mercy where the claim of justice was met, and that is at Calvary, In the Cross of Christ’s atonement, every sin is met and conquered, every darkness met and dispelled, every iniquity met and killed,

every question faced and answered, every foe faced and defeated, every fear met and quenched, every hunger satisfied, every longing fulfilled, every sorrow assuaged, and every promise kept. But we must see the dark background. "God so loved the world." How bright that! "That he gave." How bright and beautiful that! "His only begotten Son." How marvelously beautiful that! "That whosoever believeth on him!" How full of eternal brightness that! "Should not *perish*!" How deeply dark, how blacker than the blackest black, is that background pointed out by that word *perish*! That word—*perish*—enables us to see that it is salvation eternal or damnation eternal for all. That word—*perish*—makes us to consider the wrath of God. "But the wrath of God abideth on him!" It is the wrath of the Lamb, more terrible than the wrath of the lion. It is the wrath of gentleness against brutality; the wrath of kindness against cruelty; the wrath of chastity against unchastity; the wrath of truth against falsehood; the wrath of holiness against sin; the wrath of love against hate; the wrath of light against darkness; the wrath of eternal righteousness against iniquity.

Yes, Calvary means, if it means anything, that there is something awful to save men from. It teaches to all the world that there is a place where men and women are "burning continually, yet unconsumed," "forever wasting, yet enduring still, dying perpetually, yet never dead!" Calvary is but another vivid way of expressing what the Bible means by the "bottomless pit"—"forever falling without striking, forever sinking, forever growing worse, everlasting degeneration!" Calvary means there is a "lake of fire," a "bottomless pit," a terrible "outer darkness," a terrible eternity of agony to save men and women from, even a place where the "smoke of their torment ascendeth forever"—where "all death

lives and all life dies"! Yes, the blood saves. And with the shedding of blood there is remission.

V. WHAT WE HAVE THROUGH THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

Consider what we have through the blood of Christ—if we believe.

Listen, ye believers. We have salvation and safety. "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt" (Ex. 12:13). "For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you!" (Ex. 12:23). What a night was that—in Egypt.

Wherever a Jew exists upon the face of the earth, it is to this night, far in the past, that he points as the proudest epoch in his national history. That night the staff of the oppressor was broken, the rod of Pharaoh was snapped. And that night as many of the Israelites as were under the blood were safe, regardless of their feelings, regardless of what they thought, regardless of how utterly simple the method seemed. The blood saved them. It is God's estimate of the blood, not of us, that counts. "When I see the blood, I will pass over you!" That was the wondrous passover in Egypt. But Christ is our passover. "For even Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us!" (I Cor. 5:7).

Believers have redemption through His blood. Now redemption refers to the entire work of Jesus in delivering us from the guilt, the penalty, the power, the consequences, and the presence of sin. "Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious *blood of Christ*"

(I Peter 1:18 and 19). "Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us" (Heb. 9:12). "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by *thy blood* out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation" (Rev. 5:9).

Believers have forgiveness of sins. "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace" (Eph. 1:7). "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins" (Col. 1:14).

Believers have justification. "Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him" (Rom. 5:9). And what is justification? It is that act of God whereby any sinner anywhere, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, is counted as perfectly righteous. Wondrous fact! And what is the ground of such justification and salvation? "Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his *blood*, to declare his righteousness, . . . that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. 3:24-26).

Believers have peace. "And having made peace through the blood of his Cross" (Col. 1:20). How little real peace there is in this clamorous world! Behind many a smiling face is a troubled heart. How we do need God's rest around our restlessness—His completeness around our incompleteness! Through the blood of the Cross, we have a peace which nothing can take away, a joyful peace which no "rust or moth" can touch.

Believers are made nigh. "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ" (Eph. 2:13). The sinner is far off; the blood makes him nigh to God. The blood takes away the chasm; the blood makes those who are strangers close

friends. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus" (Heb. 10:19).

Believers have cleansing from all sin. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness" (I John 1:7). "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood" (Rev. 1:5). "How much more shall the blood of Christ . . . purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" (Heb. 9:14). And how do sinners come to a blessed position before the throne of God? "They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. 7:14).

Believers overcome the devil. "And they overcame him (that is, the devil) by the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. 12:11). It makes one's heart bleed to think of all the defeated men and women who face sundown without hope. But men and women can be "more than conquerors" and overcome the devil by the blood of the Lamb. "The God of peace . . . brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant" (Heb. 13:20).

Believers have a Church purchased. "The church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood" (Acts 20:28). Did not the bride of the first Adam come from his side? Genesis 2:21 says so: "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof." So the Church, the bride of Christ, the bride of the last Adam (I Cor. 15:45-47) came from His side, for from His side flowed blood and water (John 19:34).

No remission without the blood. But abundant and eternal remission with the blood. Blessed be God! "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!" Remission with the blood, not with money. Money is valuable for many things, but

valueless in the securing of salvation for the soul. No man can buy his salvation; if he could, salvation would be a bargain counter matter, a purchasable commodity. It would do away with the one plan of humanity and the one plan of salvation. It would give the banker an advantage over the beggar.

But if money is not lawful tender, what is? The Bible has that in strikingly numerous places and in grippingly vivid chapters. Blood. Blood is the only answer. The blood of bulls and goats? No. It must be sinless blood.

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain;
But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they!

As Talmadge expresses it: "The blood must be poured from royal arteries. But where is the King? I see many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But—after awhile—the clock in Bethlehem strikes twelve, and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky; and I see the King of Heaven rising up; and He descends! And He steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until He touches the sheep-covered hills, and then on to another hill like a skull, bearing His Cross with Him; and there at the sharp stroke of persecution, a rill, red and holy, rushes down—and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood!"

The blood in drops, falling like red rain from the Cross, was atoning blood. The blood in rills, pouring down like red wine from the crevices of a wine press, was cleansing blood. The blood, spreading in crimson pools beneath the Cross, is sanctifying blood. The blood,

splashing like shafts of red sunlight in the face of His enemies, is saving blood. And that blood is the price heaven paid to buy us who had "sold ourselves for naught."

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood!

May that be our prayer.

May that be the chief ambition of our hearts.

"He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace? For we know him that hath said, vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. And again, The Lord shall judge his people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" (Heb. 10:28-31).

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins *in his own blood*, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen" (Rev. 1:5-6).

CHAPTER 5

THE POSSIBILITIES OF A LIFE

"Standing in the presence of some glorious cathedral or gallery, beholding the Parthenon or pyramids, gazing at the rugged mountains with their snow caps and cloud wraps, or viewing some wondrous landscape, the emotion and imagination of some men are sometimes so deeply stirred that men lose command of themselves and break into transports of admiration!"

This sentence, staring at me from the page of a recent book, drew me into an hour of reminiscence. During this hour I found myself linking together some hours of rare rapture that have blazed like suns of splendor across my pathway. These hours of rare rapture I shall mention.

A. WHEN I HAVE STUDIED THE HEAVENS, "THE WORK OF HIS FINGERS."

Hours of rare rapture indeed have been mine when I have watched the stars in golden armor and glowing helmets and with silver spears march out at the close of day and take up sentinel duty in those ancient fields where once "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera"; when I have seen the comets flare and the meteors glare like some archangel with garments afire speeding across the uncharted dark; when I have seen the moon come forth like some huge jonquil in the great garden of the patient stars; when I have seen the blue curtains of the night drawn across the windows of heaven and pinned together with star clusters by the

invisible hands which, in the beginning, had set the pillars of the earth in their sockets and, in redemption, were nailed to the Cross. When at night I have seen this, I have been held slave to the rapture that no words can express; and I have said: "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thine hands: they shall perish; but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail" (Heb. 1:10-12).

B. WHEN I HAVE STOOD NEAR, OR HAVE HELD IN MY HAND, SOME MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

When in my hand I have held some delicate violin or cornet, when in home or house of God I have stood near some piano or great organ, hours of rare rapture have been mine in thinking of the possibilities of those musical instruments under the hands of some master musician. I stood once in a museum in Chicago and saw 177 different kinds of musical instruments from all the lands of the earth. And I forgot the hour and the place and the people in thinking what wondrous music would be heard if some of the hands now folded in the dust of ancient tombs could return and play on those instruments as once they did when men and women went "a-twozing" in the shadows of Babylon's walls or made love in the twilight by the banks of the Nile.

Seeing a great harp, I wondered what possibilities would it show forth could David play as he played before King Saul. Seeing a piano covered with dust, I wondered what its possibilities would be could Beethoven or Mozart lay hold upon it. Counting the pipes of a great organ, I wondered what its full breath or slightest murmur would be if the keys were pressed beneath the fingers of Felix Mendelssohn. Holding a

slender violin in my hand, I could faintly conceive of its possibilities under the hand of Ole Bull could he return and play as he did on his American tour, or as he played on his sixty-sixth birthday from the top of the pyramid Cheops, at the suggestion of King Oscar of Norway and Sweden.

C. WHEN I HAVE LOOKED AMONG THE MATERIALS OF THE ARTIST.

I have in shop window and in studio looked among the tubes of paints and brushes of hair and squares of cloth; and I have been stirred into enthusiasm when I thought on the possibilities of them were a master artist to use them—if only some artist of antiquity or some master of today would get them and use them. What possibilities if Apelles, who painted grapes so wonderfully that birds picked at them on his canvas, and who stands at the head of all the painters of the world, would but take them and make them what they were capable of. If Apelles, who “feared no criticism and was unenvious of the fame of his rivals,” could get hold of those little tubes and that brush and that coarse cloth, whole landscapes would grow and glow under his master hand on that cloth. What possibilities in those tubes of paint were Millet or Hoffman to lay their hands to them! Mountains and moors, crags and cataracts, majestic steeps and starry stairways, surging seas and shining suns, gorgeous gardens and fair faces all bound up and hidden away in those tiny tubes, awaiting the master mind and the master hand! Rare rapture has been mine in thinking on these things.

D. WHEN I HAVE SEEN THE PEN OF SOME GREAT WRITER.

I have held a one-cent pen between my finger tips; and I have wondered what it could do if Browning with

all his galloping vigor of verse were to use it—if Tennyson with all his lyrical talent were to write with it—if Boreham with his charming essayic power were to put it to work.

In Mobile, Alabama, on one occasion, standing in the room where Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson died, I held in my hand for a brief, solemn minute the pen with which she wrote most of *St. Elmo!* And I thought of the power of that bit of steel in her slender hand. And I thought how verses would drop from it like “golden pollen from the stems of shaken lilies” could Shakespeare use it! And I thought how philosophy would stream from it like streams of muddy or clear water were Aristotle to write with it. And I wondered at how foul odors would arise therefrom were some Smollett to smear over pages with it. And I thought how hymn after hymn would be born with its use were blind Fanny Crosby to return to earth and write again. What possibilities beyond all words to say! What allegories would race from it were Bunyan to write with it! What epics would leap forth were Milton to use it! What possibilities!

E. WHEN I HAVE CONSIDERED THE FORCES OF NATURE
UNDER THE DIRECTION AND MASTERY OF MEN OF
GENIUS.

Luther Burbank took the wild Arizona potato and crossed it and produced the famous Burbank potato. He took the wild beach plum, so tiny and gnarled and bitter that even animals, half-starved, would not eat it. He crossed it and made it into the beautiful, delicious, juicy Japanese plum, five hundred times as large as the original beach plum. He took the wild cactus, with its poison veins, its bitter taste, its thorns, and its ugliness, and he made it into an edible, a sweet and useful food for animals. “There are no outcasts to Luther Bur-

bank!" What powers in plants under the hand of this wizard and master.

Through the scientific skill of inventors, the lawless torrent is bridled and invested with power, rivers are vagrants trained and taught to serve our wills, oranges are made to grow in the snow, and ice is made in the tropics. Master minds and hands that hold the mastery have made a messenger boy of the lightning. Words flash from ships separated by oceans; Caruso is compressed into the microscopic point of a needle; hairs from infant heads are weighed! With the telescope which magnifies the power of the human eye 400,000 times, we view landscapes fifteen million miles away. With the microscope we behold electrons whirling in atoms like bees around a hive. We have delved to such depths and have climbed to such heights amid the forces of nature that things have been brought to pass that almost awake in us a primeval faith in magic. And still there are possibilities unread, unwritten, and unknown!

F. WHEN I BEHOLD A BABE IN THE CRADLE.

Hours of rare rapture and solemn thought have been mine in seeing a babe in the crib and in thinking of its possibilities—in wondering at the wonder of that little bundle of flesh taking on in a few years the proportions of the orator and reformer. What possibilities downward in that wee mite! What possibilities outward and upward in that swaddled body! What a mighty sword that little arm may wield! What a trenchant pen those wee fingers may push! What mighty burdens those slender little shoulders may one day bear! What mighty heights those little feet may one day climb! What marvelous oratory that little mouth may utter! What mighty armies may follow the beckoning of those hands—one day! What mighty parades of thought may

one day pass through that little brain! What holy love or heinous hate may surge in that little heart—one day!

But, far above all and far beyond all that I have mentioned, is the rare rapture which comes to my heart when I behold a great gathering of young people such as are frequently gathered before me. What marvelous possibilities in us and through us and by us and with us and for us under the mastery of Christ the Master.

What great possibilities—if a full surrender to Christ is made! What wonderful certainties—if a deep consecration to Him is the desire of our hearts! What heights are attainable—if we give Him the continents of our personalities rather than the corners! What mighty works will show themselves forth in us if we do His will. And these glorious possibilities are found in Christ alone. Art says "It is not in me!" Music says "It is not in me!" Philosophy says "It is not in me!" Education says "It is not in me!" Science says "It is not in me!" Culture says "It is not in me!" But this possibility beyond all measuring is in Christ. What wonderful possibilities under His mastery!

May I call your attention to these facts?

I. CHRIST LOVED.

And only as we are in complete surrender to this greatest of all lovers will our lives show forth and breathe forth the love that is ever rich and abiding, ever with the passion of rescue and never with the least suggestion of rebellion.

What depths beyond all fathoming in His love! What heights beyond all climbing in His love! What expanse beyond all measuring in His love! What beauty beyond all describing in His love! What whiteness beyond all taint in His love! What rightness beyond all flaw in His love! What courage above all fear in His love!

What sweetness beyond all bitterness in His love! What urge beyond all faint-heartedness in His love!

Every step He made from the sands of Egypt to the carpenter shop in Nazareth, to the Jordan River, through the hills of Judea, on the Lake of Galilee, along the road to Bethlehem, to the house of trouble, to the bed of sickness, to the grave of the dead, to the temple in Jerusalem, through the shadows of Gethsemane, through the agonies of Pilate's court, along the streets of the city that "stoned the prophets and killed them that were sent unto her," up the dark slopes of Calvary, out from the grave in Joseph's garden, along the road to Emmaus, on out to Olivet where, "with the wind as His steeds and the cloud as His chariot" He went back to the Father—every step was a step of love.

The Bible asserts that the height and depth and length and breadth of the love of God passeth knowledge.

The love of God in Christ Jesus has height. His love is far separated from any earthly substance. Having high birth in holiness, God's love has power enough to waken the sleeping and to quicken the dead. And the holy power of that love is determined by the holy heights in which it is born.

God's love in Christ Jesus has depth. It reaches far downward and lifts up. Human love is tainted and lacks power to reach to the depths and exalt to the heights, but Christ's love moves among festering alleys and sewage and catches no defilement. If you would be mighty in loving humanity you will find this might in complete obedience to the urge of Christ's love.

God's love in Christ Jesus has breadth. It is as broad as the race. It knows, as one saith, no social limits; it imposes no national limits; it fortifies no ecclesiastical limits; it recognizes no creedal limits. Under the sway

of this dynamic love finite powers perform infinite deeds, and human faculties work divine achievements.

In words not altogether mine I say, "God's love in Christ Jesus has length." It has no end. There is no length to which it will not go. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend!" That is the length. "He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross!" To that far length it goes. "He goeth after that which was lost until He find it!" To what greater length than that could His love go? The love of Christ goes to the last foot of the longest road, to the last hour of the longest day, to the last minute of the longest night, to the last breath of the longest life, to the far reaches of eternity. And if we would love to the fulness of our possibilities we will find this fulness in Christ Jesus.

Moreover, we must learn now that "justice is but love holding the balance; mercy is but love being gracious; eloquence is but love talking; prophecy is but love foretelling; faith is but love believing; charity is but love acting; sacrifice is but love offering itself; patience is but love waiting; fortitude is but love suffering; endurance is but love abiding; hope is but love abiding; peace is but love resting; prayer is but love communing; sympathy is but love tenderly touching; comfort is but love soothing; soul-saving is but love rescuing; enthusiasm is but love burning; work is but love laboring; sanctification is but love perfecting." And only as we are constrained by the love of Christ will we love to the heights and depths and lengths and breadth of our possibilities. But what an instrument is under a master musician's hand, what the paint tubes are when utilized by a master artist, what a block of marble is under the hand and chisel of a master sculptor—these faintly portray what our possibilities are in love and the things

of love under the dynamic domination and mighty mastery of Jesus.

II. CHRIST POSSESSED ALL THE SUBLIMITIES AND SIMPLICITIES OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

All the sublimities and all the simplicities of spirituality were completely blended in Him. What sublimities in His life! How sublime was He when as a babe heaven hung out its brightest star to mark His birth-place! How sublime was He when He startled the wise men in the temple, being then only twelve years old! How sublime was He when He spoke "as one having authority and not as the Scribes and Pharisees"! How sublime He when He spoke so marvelously that officers sent to arrest Him returned without Him, giving as their excuse for not bringing Him "Never man spake like this man"! How sublime was He when He arose from sleep in a tempest-tossed boat and rebuked the winds into peace and the waves into rest! How sublime was He when He walked on the waves as though they were floors of opal and amethyst and emerald! How sublime was He when leprosy fled from His presence and twisted limbs were made straight at His touch! How sublime was He when He stopped a funeral procession and broke it! How sublime was He when with trumpet voice He called Lazarus from the grave! How sublime was He when He refused to come down from the Cross! How sublime was He when He arose from the dead, "the first fruits of them that slept"! How sublime was He when He entered the upper room, "the doors being shut where the disciples were for fear of the Jews," and said "Peace"!

Yet, withal, what simplicities in His life! His natural simplicity is an unstressed element in His life. There was no put-on and put-off with Him. Compared with the attempt at simplicity—the tawdry and artificial

attempt often seen—the natural and sweet simplicity of Jesus is as far beyond it as the soft splendors of the dawn are beyond the harsh and glaring stage effects. Compared with the assumed simplicity—the put-on simplicity of some, which smacks of hypocrisy—the charming simplicity of Jesus is above it as the sweet-perfumed loveliness of gardens and woods is above wax flowers! Jesus Christ is the very embodiment of naturalness and sublime simplicities. He mingled with all classes of men naturally and easily as man with man. Think how He called His disciples to Him. He donned no priestly robes; He lifted no haughty head in high authoritative mandate; He manifested no supercilious air. He simply said: “Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.” To the little publican in the tree top He said simply “Come down, for today I must abide in thine house!” To Matthew He merely said “Follow me.” That was all, but that was enough. Simply, as a tired traveler, He asked the woman at the well for a drink. Perfectly poised He put at ease the woman who bathed His feet while others murmured against her. And “He was known in the breaking of bread”! Sublime as a mountain grandeur, yet all the modesty of violets bloomed in Him. Sublime as a mighty river at full tide, yet the joyful simplicities of childhood held abode in Him. Sublime as the lightning when it burns its zig-zag paths across the sky, yet the beautiful glowing of lamps aglow at evening time lit His face and personality. Sublime as waves that beat down sea walls, yet as softly tender as ripples that whisper on the beach!

And this sublimity and simplicity in spiritual life you will need to possess as you go forth to do His work and will. There are times, young men and women, when you will have to be as strongly sublime as the eagle which soars beyond the reach of any archer; there are times when you will have to show forth the simplicity of the

sparrow that twitters under the eaves or plays with its mates in the dust of the village street. There are times when men with minds antagonistic to the truth will hear your message; then you must rise to heights sublime and hesitate not to declare the whole counsel of God. There are times when little children will timidly draw nigh to speak the wisdom that cometh out of the mouths of babes and sucklings and to hear your words: then you must meet them on the threshold and go with them where unanointed feet cannot walk. There are times when you must have the stride that walks ahead of giants; there are times when you must walk with those on crutches or with those but a little way from the cradle. The sublimities and simplicities of Christian living must be yours.

I am thinking now of what is told of Phillips Brooks, the great Boston preacher. He was visiting, we are told, in a home just before he was scheduled to deliver a great lecture. After luncheon, he barely had time to be prompt at the lecture place and hour. As he was hurriedly preparing to go a little child in the home drew nigh and said: "Mr. Brooks, you must see my little kittens before you go!" He hesitated not, but said with sweet simplicity, "Well, my dear, if I must, I must!" And then following her little pattering feet he went down the dusty stairway into the dingy cellar and talked to her about the kittens. An hour later men swayed and shouted and sobbed under the spell of his mighty speech. Sublimity and simplicity!

I am thinking, too, of what Mr. Boreham and Mrs. Bolton have written of Michael Faraday. Mrs. Bolton says that Faraday when just a boy went to hear Sir Humphry Davy lecture; the boy went out burning and consumed with the desire to be a great scientist; he wrote to Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal

Society, asking him for a place to work. No answer was returned to his request for a situation.

Could the president have known that some day ten thousand would know the name of Michael Faraday where one knew the name of Sir Joseph Banks, probably he would have answered that boy's letter.

Mr. Boreham tells us how a crowded gathering of distinguished scientists had been listening spellbound to the masterly expositions of Michael Faraday. For an hour he had held his brilliant audience enthralled as he demonstrated the nature and properties of the magnet. And he had brought his lecture to a close with an experiment so novel, so bewildering and so triumphant that, for some time after he resumed his seat, the house rocked with enthusiastic applause. And then the Prince of Wales—afterward King Edward the Seventh—rose to propose a motion of congratulation. The resolution, having been duly seconded, was carried with renewed thunders of applause. But the uproar was succeeded by a strange silence. The assembly waited for Faraday's reply. But the lecturer had vanished. What had become of him? The hour at which Faraday had concluded his lecture was the hour for the mid-week prayer meeting. That meeting he never neglected. And under cover of the cheering and applause he had slipped out of the crowded hall and hurried off to the little meeting house where a few had met to renew their fellowship with God. All the sublimities and all the simplicities met in Faraday's soul. The master of all sciences, he kept in his breast the heart of a little child.

At another time men saw Faraday pass from a meeting of the Royal Society to sit at the feet of a certain local preacher who was notorious for his illiteracy; and the spectacle filled men with bewilderment and wonder.

As he lay dying they tried to interview the professor,

the scientist, the genius, but it was the little child in him that answered them.

“What are your speculations?” they asked. “Speculations?” he asked. “Speculations! I have none. I am resting on certainties. I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.” And reveling like a child in those cloudless simplicities, his great soul passed away. Under Christ the sublimities and the simplicities of spiritual dynamics will show forth themselves in men and women. In Him all the simplicities and all the sublimities of heaven and earth are perfectly blended. What possibilities are ours if to Him we humbly bow!

III. CHRIST SERVED PASSIONATELY AND COMPASSIONATELY.

Only as we let Him rule us and use us will we come up to the fulness of our possibilities in passionate and compassionate service. But what wondrous possibilities in us will rise in majesty to meet His own if we let Him who went about doing good completely dominate us.

To bring this more forcibly to mind, I tell you this which we learn from the life of America's most amazing man: It was night on the battlefield of Kenesaw Mountain. A huge bulk of a twenty-year-old boy captain lay on the ground. A stretcher bearer, seeking for the wounded, bent down to try to hear heartbeats. “He's gone!” said the stretcher bearer. “His chest is blown open!” They went away and left that pile of bleeding flesh in the darkness. You would not have thought that the world could expect any more from that heap of bloody misery. There it lay through the night—no bedding but the ground, no pitying eyes but the stars, no voice but the night bird's shrill call and the fox's yelp, no hand but the fingers of the dew, no companions but the dead.

Up in a little town in Massachusetts a father and mother had been praying for this boy through all the months of fighting. That boy had run away from home twice. At Yale University he had worked in kitchens and wherever else he could find odd jobs to pay his tuition. He had become very "wise" as youth sometimes becomes. The university had knocked all his religion into a cocked hat; he was known and registered as an atheist. And this looked like the end, the bloody, wretched, lonely, loveless end—this bleeding body on the battlefield.

But there was life in that body. It was motionless with weakness. But in the brain a mighty parade of thought was passing. All that his father and mother had taught him of religion and God came back to him. He was converted there that night waiting for someone to come and pick him up. The next morning when someone came and found him alive they took him to the hospital. This boy called the chaplain and told him that from then on, he was going to be a Christian. That hour he took the devil's bit from his wild mouth and put on his neck the yoke of Jesus and he walked the Jesus way, following the path of His unselfish and wounded feet.

What was the possibility of that bleeding battle-bruised boy on that battlefield that night? The stretcher bearer thought none. The seekers for the wounded thought none. And so it seemed! But that night the Christ of God laid His hands upon that wounded and bleeding boy even as He had laid them on the little woman bent double for eighteen years whom He found in the synagogue one Sabbath day. That night Jesus walked across that war-scarred, cannon-cut battlefield and entered the heart feebly beating in that chest blown open and shrapnel-shredded. That night Jesus drove away the vultures of doubt from that boy's heart as

Rizpah had driven the jackals of the field and the carrion crows of the air from the bodies of her dead sons.

What came of that bleeding boy on that battlefield that night? For one thing, the great Temple University of Philadelphia through which have passed 125,000 students. For another thing, three great hospitals. For another thing the education of hundreds of young men and young women, to which object Dr. Russell Conwell has donated more than \$8,000,000 earned in lecturing. For another thing a great Baptist preacher and a great Baptist church. For another thing 20 books superbly written and widely read and far-reachingly influential. For another thing another book, telling us about the life of John Wanamaker, is in process of completion. For another thing thousands of sheaves for the Lord garnered from fields white unto the harvest. For another thing America's most amazing man who, though he has earned millions of dollars, never has more than \$100 of his own at any time.

All this was possible in that pitiful heap of a wounded, bleeding Union soldier at Kenesaw Mountain, whose chest was blown open and whose mouth because of thirst was hot like an oven. And it was all possible through the domination of Christ in his life.

But I would have you notice two things just here, men and women!

First. Not all win renown on earth who serve Christ. Not all will be famous as Russell Conwell was famous. Not all will be written of in large type. Many will be written of in small type or not written of at all, except in the Book of Life. The only chance you may have to serve God may be in small type or as a comma or exclamation point. But that doesn't lessen the possibility of great service. Commas and periods and exclamation points do great service. Ask the printers. Not all will adorn the gallery of the famous. Not all will shine be-

fore the footlights of the noted. Not all will be carried to their graves, when their work is done, with pomp and ceremony. But we must remember what George Eliot said: "The growing good of the world is largely dependent upon unhistoric acts; and that things are not half so ill with us as they might be is half owing to the number who lived faithfully the hidden life and rest in unvisited graves!" And we must often call to mind the words of Mrs. Browning who said:

The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells;
A child's kiss set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A sick one nursed by thee shall give thee strength;
A poor man helped by thee shall make thee rich;
An untaught one taught by thee shall make thee wise;
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes after its own life workings;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou
renderest!

Not our fields, but our faithfulness counts most; not our fame, but our fervor in things spiritual; not show, but sincerity!

Second. There are some things that mar and hurt in reaching the fulness of our possibilities in service. A thumb mark in a national gallery impoverishes a nation. An atom of steel in the presence of a compass needle causes the whole ship to go wrong. One cup of poison in a reservoir makes the whole reservoir to be doubted. One serpent in the garden makes the whole garden to be shunned. One cinder in the eye mars a great vision. One speck on the telescope's lens fills the sky with error. One broken thread weakens the whole fabric.

Learn from this to avoid the faults that mar rare gifts. Let no question mark establish itself after your profession. Let not the least suggestion of the false or the crafty or the scheming be connected with your name. I do not recall who told us so, but somebody spoke of what genius De Quincy had and of how marvelous the myriad-minded Coleridge, but the opium habit was vice

that eclipsed their fame and robbed them of half their rightful influence. Voltaire's style was so faultlessly perfect that if the sentences lying across his page had been strings of pearl they could not have been more beautiful; but Voltaire's excesses make a black mark across the white page before each reader's mind. Rousseau's writings are so melodious that, long after laying aside the book, the ear would be filled with the sound of delicious music were it not that the reader seems to hear the moan of the four children whose unnatural father, without even giving them a name, placed in the foundling asylum. Carlyle's great genius and gymnastic use of words is marred and scarred because of the harshness that stained his rare talents and let his wife, for want of affection, freeze and die within his own home, like some poor traveler who had fallen in the snows beyond his door. George Eliot, marvelous and brilliant authoress, comes before us like a ghost of tragedy because we know that she drifted almost imperceptibly from the majestic and simple faith which she so tenderly portrays in "Janet's Repentance." Edgar Allan Poe, plumed knight of poetry, brings sobs to us when we read his matchless "Annabel Lee" and know that he shattered his lance on the wine cup.

Robert Speer made this significant statement: "After thirty years of leadership in missionary work, it is my conclusion and conviction that the greatest missionary problem is just the failure of Christian people to live up to their professions!" And the more seriously I think on those words the more quickly I conclude that he is right.

But I do not need that statement to say that God cannot use people to lead the blind if they themselves are blind. Your influence, young people, to do God's work is as easily marred by sin as the white folds of a lily by spurts of ink. Your spiritual power is as easily

made to wane by secret sin as the power of the hand diminishes when severed from the arm. Your power to win men and women to Jesus is as easily made futile by the frivolity of the fleshly as a tree is made fruitless by draining the sap from its trunk and boughs. Your life is as certainly made barren by harboring animosities and envies and jealousies as fields are made barren by the withholding of sun and rain. You may think you have heaped mountains on some secret sin; and you may safely think these mountains will never tell what is buried in their bowels, but that sin will show forth itself in lack of spiritual power. You may think you have spread the sea over some cherished animosity and petted grudge; and not one of the ten thousand babbling waves will ever let the secret out, but that thing will show up in the short circuit it will put on your prayer life.

But what marvelous possibilities of service are in each life if that life lets the Christ search it and try it and see if there be any wicked way in it and lead it in the way everlasting.

Down in Panama where once I worked, there was an old man, a sort of wandering minstrel, who played on a cheap, coarse, hoarse little old violin. Day in and day out, he dragged forth from that violin only the rasping, raucous, jazzy and raggedest music. A few leisurely ones sometimes dropped scant coins of small value in his dirty tin cup. Now one night Miss Viola Page, violinist nonpareil, came through that city and played in concert at the Y. M. C. A. hall. That night homesick men wept and laughed and shouted themselves hoarse as she played. What a tragedy in the music realm that she died at twenty-one! But here is what I started to tell!

The next morning she passed by the corner where this old man sat on the cheap box with his cheap violin. This lovely young lady, beautiful as a Grecian goddess, graceful as a flower of the woodland, stood a minute and

looked at the old man. Then timidly and courteously she went forward and took the instrument from his hands. With her little lily-white hands she turned the dirty screws while the strings whined. She touched the strings lightly with the frazzled bow. Then she put it under her delicate little chin, and, for some moments, stood as though she were whispering some strange secret to it, as though she were hearing from its depths some sad tale of abuse and misuse. Then her little arm began to move that bow across those strings and then her little pink-tipped fingers ran races up and down the neck of that violin while the diamonds flashed like miniature suns on her fingers and while her body swayed gracefully like some garden flower bent by the breeze and while her eyes glowed dreamily in their sockets.

Then—wonder of wonders! From here, there and everywhere the people came in flocks on eager feet! And they stood and listened, some weeping, while earthquakes rumbled and rivers roared and cataracts thundered and birds chirped and mothers sang their lullabies and lovers whispered and children laughed and dewdrops tinkled and sweet, far-off bells chimed in the body of that little old violin, so long abused, so long misused. What made the difference? What brought gold in piles to the tin cup in the hairy hands of the old man? The violin, his violin, was in the hands of a master. That was all; that was enough. Think on this, young men and women, and on the raspy, raucous, jazzy music your life may have made till this hour. Then let the great Christ, the Master of masters, have control. Oh, let the fire in your heart melt the lead in your feet as you hasten to Him.

IV. CHRIST SUFFERED.

Only as we are in complete consecration to Him will we have the heroism to desire and to endure the "fellowship of His suffering." Jesus suffered greatly, agonizing-

ly, terribly. There was none of the coward in Him. If the cowardly blood flows in your veins you cannot follow Him. By the way He dared the money-mad hucksters in the temple, I say unto you that Jesus was sublimely heroic. By the way He unflinchingly met the soldiers in the garden, I tell you He was heroic. By the way He met the kiss of the traitor that burned His cheek like coals of fire, I declare that He was heroic. By the way He confronted Pilate with undaunted brow, I assert that every drop of His blood was heroic. By the way He turned on the Pharisees, like a wounded stag hounded over hill and vale, and spoke unto them when His every word was a thunderbolt, His every sentence a flare of lightning, His every paragraph an earthquake that shook them to the hypocritical marrow in their bones, I say He was sublimely heroic. This heroic Christ is the One that calls you to partake of His heroism.

Christ suffered: By the dirty sputum which they spat like garbage upon those cheeks that never blushed for shame, I say He suffered heroically. By the rough hands that slapped His face, white like a hawthorn blossom, I declare He suffered. By the merciless fangs of Pilate's scourge which bit to the bone in His bare back, I say He suffered. By the crown of thorns which tore His brow like jackals tear the face of captive lion, I declare He suffered. By the cobblestones on which He fell when the burden of the cross of wood was too heavy, I say He suffered. By the blotches of blood on His clothes and by the bloodstained ground of Gethsemane, I declare that He suffered. By His death couch of four spikes, two for the hands and two for the feet, I say He suffered. By the savage Roman spear which drank greedily from His side, I say He suffered. By the parched lips and mouth, hot like an oven, lacking any drop of cooling water, when all the sparkling rills were His, I say He suffered. By Calvary's hill, where "under the darkest cloud that ever

shadowed the earth and amid the loudest thunder that ever shook the mountains, all the hatreds of earth and all the furies of hell, charged with their bayonets and stopped not till there was no power left in hammer or bramble or javelin to hurt the dead Son of God," I declare that He suffered.

You agree to that. Do you agree that one great need of the world today is the need on our part to desire with all our mind and heart the fellowship of His suffering? Do you desire to share this fellowship of His suffering? Do you agree that we can never heal the wounded heart of the world with balm without money until we are "crucified with Christ whereby we are crucified to the world and the lusts thereof"?

"In this age of ease and worldliness, we are in danger of building up a generation of cowardly, half-hearted Christians, people satisfied with church going—once on Sunday morning—if it does not rain. We are in danger of prayer-meeting-less churches, of churches afraid of obligations, of churches that limp in a corner when we ought to go forth like an army with banners to the conquest of continents." So spoke a preacher recently. But we are in no danger of all that nor any of that if we can get enough men and enough women to still press on when the blood-letting starts.

Some know how to keep on when the blood-letting starts. Some know how to shine on when the darkness gathers. Some know how to remain true when some turn over to the slavery of the comfortable. Witness John and Mary Gaston!

They were missionaries to China. They had some evidences of the fruit of their work. But one day Mary took sick, and John said, "Mary, you will have to go down the river." It was days before they could get a physician. He put her under a canopy in the boat, for it was a hot July day. She would look up at him and say,

"John, I am so glad we came to China. We have so many that know Jesus today. It has been so good to be here!"

So on down the river they went. One day in the middle of the day, while the sun blazed mercilessly from above, they went up by a tree alongside the river, and she said, "I would like to go under that tree!"

So he carried her up under that tree, her head on his arm, and he looked down at that sweet face and she looked up at him and said, "John, I am not going any farther; I am going to be with Jesus. But I am so glad we came here." Then she named over so many that knew Jesus because they came. She spoke of the transformation in certain villages. Then John looked down toward the river. There were no Chinamen there. They knew that death was near. They had gone over the hill, and he was alone.

Mary kissed him good-by. And there were no flags at half mast; nobody knew. He went to the boat and took out an oar, and went back. He dug the grave of his wife; took some boughs from the tree and spread them over it to make it look like a coffin; he took her white skirt to make it look like a shroud. Then he took that fellow soldier of his and put her body down in the grave and said some words over it and put some more boughs over it. After some hours of agony, he put on the dirt, his heart breaking with every clod and crumb of dirt which he threw in. He covered up her sweet face last, and left her there till the resurrection morn.

Then he went up the hill and called the Chinamen to him, and down to the boat they went and started down the river. But John said "up the river—up to fight for God," for the last words that brave little woman had said were: "John, I wish you would go and live for God until the end!"

Men and women can't so live, so love, so suffer, and

so die unless the love of Christ Jesus is in their hearts. Moreover, he that so lives is not dead when he dieth. "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." Is Moody dead? The great institution of his says not. Is Judson dead? The hundreds of Baptist churches and thousands of Christians in Burma say he is not. Is Carey dead? China's turning from the tomb of her ancestors to the Cross of Christ says that he, being dead, yet speaketh. Is Livingstone dead? Ethiopia, stumbling with outstretched hands toward God over that highway marked by the tombstone of martyr missionaries, declares that he abideth forever. Is Grace McBride dead? The church bells ringing across the frozen snows where she lived and died say that she can never die. Is Richard Furman dead? Furman University with its hundreds of young men who go forth from her halls to honor the Christ says that Richard Furman walks her campus and sits in her class rooms and speaks in her halls today.

So will you abide, young people, if you follow the Christ. Cut the chains that hold you in ignoble anchorage. Launch out! Christ will keep you from the intellectual conceit which is unaware of the rattle of dry bones. He will keep you from the smiling ease with which old faiths are chucklingly thrown off and new ones grimacingly taken on. He will keep you from the superficial mental illumination that lacks the urge of sacrificial passion. He will keep you from the fad to be glibly modern rather than eternally right.

Oh, that God's fire would force our decision now! Let us pray that His Spirit "will descend into our hearts to burn up the bullock that we may be a whole burnt offering unto God." As the fire fell from heaven on Elijah's altar on Mt. Carmel, may His Spirit descend upon all of us and burn up the wood and stones of our sin and the very dust of worldliness and the chilly

cold waters of indifference which seek to put out the fire on the altar.

May we all say with earnestness and conviction, not with lips that perjure the emotions of the heart nor with hearts that are false to the vows of the lips, but with a fire in our hearts that will melt the lead in our feet, our lips singing as we go:

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to obey the voice divine!

CHAPTER 6

WHAT HE WAS MADE

He was made (Jno. 1:14; Rom. 8:3; Isa. 7:14; Gal. 4:4-5; Heb. 7:22; II Cor. 5:21).

We make bold to say that none of the days gone forever into the tomb of Time had or held more glorious opportunities and more stupendous responsibilities than do these days in which you and I are privileged to live. In these very recent years the titanic potencies accumulating through the centuries came to a sudden head. And when they did so, they toppled over old thrones, swept away ancient dynasties, burst through venerable creeds, snapped the rusty chains of tradition, smashed impregnable institutions, uprooted century-entrenched falsehoods—leaving us to face and to deal with a head-dizzy, body-weary, heart-sick, soul-famished world. And we acknowledge that today we are face to face with great giants of iniquity, with many subtle antagonisms, with many treacherous flatteries that come but to steal and to kill and to destroy. While the forces of righteousness are alive today—and powerful—so also are the forces of evil.

We are not “pale slaves of depression and pessimism” when we say that mightily existent today are all the forces of decay and all the powers of treacherous evil which, in the centuries gone by, wrought havoc!

Today, alive and active in our land, are all the haughty evils that made Babylon a “vermin-infested, briar-

possessed, spider-hung, animal-prowling jungle where the hanging gardens once bloomed."

All the besmirching iniquities that made Nineveh a dirty doormat for irreverent feet thrive in our world today. All the sin diseases that made glorious Tyre a meatless skeleton ghastly with grins exist today. All the corrosive ills that made Assyria a rusty hinge on a doorless door fatten in our land today. All the sins and sinning that made mighty Rome a branchless tree, dishonorably fruitless, are defiantly rampant now. All the evils that made Greece—cultured, poetic, musical, philosophic, artistic, athletic, æsthetic Greece—a crumb in history's rubbish heap are at work in America today. They work as silently as moths in chests of fine clothes, as secretly and destructively as mice in a writer's desk, as boldly as drunken men speaking in the wild nightmares of disordered brains.

All the blatant unrighteousness that made Egypt a shabby sexton of splendid tombs, today, in this land where the Pilgrim fathers prayed and Jonathan Edwards preached, "loose wild tongues that hold not God in awe."

All the greedy selfishness and craze for gold that made Spain a drowsy beggar watching a broken clock, ply their trade with the effrontery of a thief who comes but to steal and to kill and to destroy. These are iniquities reeking with Pharisaic self-applause, iniquities that would "lead our greatest graces to the grave and leave the world no copy," as the debates superciliously conducted in scientific, psychologic, and philosophic kindergartens testify. Yes, the ageless problems of human sin and mischoice, black, menacing, terrible, big with possibilities of world destruction, are with us. Moreover, all the perversions of true religion and all the devices of all false religions assail us today.

But what rejoicing is ours that we have today God's Book—the Bible—the strangest, the mightiest, the weird-

est, the loveliest, the best of all books, to guide us in our glooms, to prompt us in our perplexities, to help us in our hazards, to direct us in our doubts, to be a "lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path." Wondrous Book! Book above and beyond all books as a river is beyond a rill in reach, as the sun is above and beyond the tallow dip in brightness, as Niagara is above and beyond the mill pond in power, as the oak is above and beyond the roadside weed in majesty, as the wings of an eagle are beyond the wings of a sparrow in strength, as a tree is beyond a twig in fruit-bearing. Book that has withstood storms of fire! Book against which tyranny has issued its edicts! Book against which Mohammedanism has hurled its anathemas! Book against which infidelity has thrown its sharpest shafts and strongest spears of scorn and ridicule! Book at which the dissecting knives of modernistic "intellectuals" have "whacked," like butchers, and do attack now like savages on a midnight raid! Book against which snipers from behind some pulpit stand and some college chairs have aimed their ill-grounded propositions.

But withal, all its enemies have not torn one hole in its holy vesture nor stolen one flower from its wondrous garden nor diluted one drop of honey from its abundant hive nor broken one string on its thousand-stringed harp nor drowned one sweet word in infidel ink nor made dim one ray of its perpetual light nor stayed its triumphant progress by so much as one step nor shortened its life by so much as one brief hour! It is still the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword! And more besides!

Now Jesus, our preventative and curative Christ, is the grand subject of the Bible. Christ Jesus who was ever "tender without being weak, strong without being coarse, lowly without being servile, mighty in His conviction but never intolerant, enthusiastic but never fanati-

cal, ever holy but never Pharisaic, passionate for the truth but never tainted with prejudice—never making a false step, never striking a jarring note, never speaking a false word.” And about this Jesus, in the Bible, three simple and mightily significant words—“He Was Made”—are frequently written.

“He was made”—three words that sound forth like a sweet old organ whose “full breath is thunder” in the stately cathedral of John’s Gospel!

“He was made”—three words that gleam like radiantly rare jewels in the treasure house of Romans.

“He was made”—three words that burn their way into our attention, like forest fires at midnight, in the mountain ranges of Hebrews.

“He was made”—three words that sound forth in the book of Galatians like the music of all choirs, visible and invisible, poured forth in one anthem.

“He was made”—three words that bloom like the flowers of ten thousand springtimes in one bouquet in the fertile gardens of I and II Corinthians.

“He was made.” “He was made”—what? *What?*

I. “MADE FLESH”—“MADE OF A WOMAN”—“MADE UNDER THE LAW.”

A. “MADE FLESH.”

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God” (Jno. 1:1-2). “In the beginning”! Those words teach His eternity. “And the Word was with God”! Those words teach His equality. “And the Word was God”! Those words teach His deity. “The same was in the beginning with God”! Those words teach His pre-existence.

“And the Word was made *flesh*, and dwelt among us” (Jno. 1:14). “For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in

the *likeness* of sinful *flesh*, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh" (Rom. 8:3). "Made of the seed of David according to the flesh" (Rom. 1:3).

Here we behold the pre-existent Christ. But this pre-existent Christ Jesus was not flesh back yonder when the morning stars serenaded the advent of our infant earth as it lay, "wrapped in swaddling clothes of light," in the arms of the great Jehovah, for "all things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made" (Jno. 1:3).

He was not flesh back in creation days when there was the gathering together of the waters called the seas for "the world was made by him" (Jno. 1:10).

He was not flesh when the first ray of light shone, when the first bird sang, when the first lion "panted in the jungles of roses," when the first flower bloomed, when the first fire burned, when the first river flowed, when the first rose opened wide its rubied heart, when the first wind blew, when the first lily bared its white bosom. "For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth . . . and he is before all things and by him all things consist" (Col. 1:16-17).

But! But "He was made flesh"—and every nerve was divine handwriting, every bone was divinely sculptored, every muscle was a pulley divinely swung! Jesus, "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man"—yet "made flesh," "made of a woman." As Milton puts it:

That glorious form, that light insufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He went at heaven's high council table
To sit the midst of Tribal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of clay!

And only as we get some conception of the mystery and marvel and miracle of the truth that He "was made

flesh" do we have some proper and adequate conception of His sufferings in the *physical realm* on the Cross. It was upon flesh, flesh as tender as a little woman's flesh, that the merciless steel fingers of Pilate's scourge fell. It was into flesh, flesh sensitive to pain, that the thorns that composed His crown of thorns bored. It was through flesh, tender flesh, that the nails of His death couch were driven. It was from flesh that the crimson tides of blood flowed. It was upon flesh that the hard palms of the slappers and mockers fell with strength and cruelty. It was in the flesh that He conquered the sins of the flesh, healed the diseases of the flesh, drove away the fever fires that burn up human bodies, conquered the loathsome leprosy that lays waste the flesh of the body, and straightened out the crippled bones of lame bodies. "It behooved him to be made like unto his brethren" (Heb. 2:17). For the Book says:

B. "MADE OF WOMAN."

A virgin irreproachable! A virgin having "found high favour with God"! A virgin "blessed among women," with child (Luke 1:28). A virgin!—and the "holy thing born of her was the Son of God!" (Luke 1:35). Event that has occurred once, *only* once, one marvelous once, in the history of the world.

"Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel" (Isa. 7:14). "And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name *Jesus* . . . Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man? And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall

be born of thee shall be called the Son of God''! (Luke 1:30, 31, 34, 35).

Then this: "But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, *made of a woman, made under the law*, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Gal. 4:4-5).

And of all the women who have been honored with motherhood, during all the centuries when women have gone down to the gates of death to bring human lives into being, Mary has had the highest honor placed upon her. For He who lived long before Mary was born chose to be "made of her," to be born of her, a woman; He who was loved of God before the foundation of the world (John 17:24) accepted God's choice of Mary as the channel through which He, the pre-existent One, should become flesh and dwell among men; He who is the "first-born of every creature" (Col. 1:15) became the first-born of Mary, Mary the virgin who had not known man.

His supernatural birth is the Alpha of our Christian faith. Let that be accepted and the whole alphabet follows as a matter of course. Deny it and, like a planet that leaves its orbit, there is no telling where unbelief will carry you. The virgin birth is the seal of the Father's approval affixed to the claims of Jesus as His only begotten Son!

His birth into our world by a virgin was a translation at the same time it was an incarnation. It was a transfer of His person from a previous condition of existence to this earthly one. It was His being clothed upon with our human nature. He saith, "A body hast thou prepared me" (Heb. 10:5). Before incarnation Jesus was God's instrument in creation. During incarnation Jesus was God's instrument in redemption. Then it is not just poetry and rhetoric and fiction when we say: "When the Lord of power determined to forsake His royal chariot and to alight on this earth, He undressed Himself

first. He gave to the clouds His bow! He gave to the sky His azure mantle! He gave to the stars His jewels! He gave to the sun His brightness, and receiving instead of these the strange homespun clothes of one who had not where to lay His head," He was "made flesh," "made of a woman"! His incarnation meant, and means, that the pre-existent Christ was embodied in human flesh, demonstrated in human life, exemplified in human action, crystallized in human form.

But He was not originally a human being, but the Divine One! He was not the offspring of woman as is man. He was the Mighty God, the Inhabitor of Eternity, the Creator made of the creature woman. He was Son of Man. He was Son of God! And both in One! And just as much Son of Man as though He were not Son of God and just as much Son of God as though He were not Son of Man!

He was so human that He became tired; He was so divine that He said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." He was so human that He became hungry; He was so divine that He took five loaves and two fishes and fed thousands. He was so human that He became thirsty; He was so divine that He walked on the storm-tossed sea—so divine that He said to the woman at the well; "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John 4:14). He was so human He felt the need to pray; He was so divine that in all of His praying there is no confession of sin. He was so human that He had to sleep; He was so divine that He arose from sleep and stilled the raging tempest. He was so human that He accepted a village girl's invitation to her wedding; He was so divine that at this wedding He changed water into wine. He was so human that He was lonely and was pained

at the slowness of human recognition; He was so divine He could say, "The Father hath not left me alone." He was so human He was "tempted in all points like as we are"; He was so divine that he asked, "Who convinceth me of sin?" He was so human that He yearned for human sympathy; He was so divine that He "trod the wine press alone." He was so human He wept; He was so divine that He stood at the grave where He wept and raised the dead brother and gave him back to the empty arms and aching hearts of the sisters. He was so human He grew in wisdom and stature; He was so divine that He "upholdeth all things by the word of His power."

But yet again it was stated that He was—

C. "MADE UNDER THE LAW."

"To redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Gal. 4:5). This the high and holy purpose!

"He was made under the law." He was made under the law which was made for sinners and not for the righteous. He was made under the law which could not claim Him for Himself but claimed Him for us, for when He was made of a woman He was made under the law and His incarnation brought Him under our condemnation—Him who had no cause in Him for condemnation. The cause of condemnation was in us who had sinned and "come short of the glory of God"—in us who had "turned every one to his own way"—in us who had lifted high hands of rebellion against God—in us, who, like sheep, had gone astray—in us who despised the goodness of God—in us who preferred darkness to light because our deeds were evil. So, for us who deserved death, Christ was made under the law and died under the law, but His death was the "end of law for righteousness." Made under the law, He bore the

penalty of the law, grievous as it was. As someone says, "He arranged His own death sentence when He made the law and then bore His own fixed penalty in His own body on the tree."

But joy superlative it is to know that the Lord has fully dealt, for us, with the Law's claim that man shall deserve acceptance. Legal satisfaction is forever taken out of our hands by Christ. Jesus Himself dealt, in the sinner's interest, with the law, honoring its holy claims to the uttermost under the human conditions which He freely undertook, so that, by faith, the community between Jesus and sinners is real, the community of their debt on one side and Christ's merit on the other side!

He became one of us that He might become our King as well as our Saviour. He clothed Himself in our dust that we might sit on His throne. He "emptied Himself of the glory He had with the Father before the world was" that we might be "filled with all the fulness of God." Again, He was

II. "MADE A CURSE."

God says so. When we consider it aright that truth presses itself down upon our hearts with the weight of a thousand worlds. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law. Being made a curse for us, it is written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree!" (Gal. 3:13).

We pitch our mental tents on this verse, we gather our hearts' meditations about this statement, as those who approach a holy-white sanctuary where unanointed feet cannot walk! "*Made a curse for us*"! Jesus, so finely strung, so unutterably keyed to truth, mercy, justice, love, Jesus so quickly feeling the sorrow, sympathy, and indignation which injustice and wrong invariably elicit for all high souls—"made a curse"!

Jesus, Inhabitant of Eternity—"made a curse"! Jesus, Teacher come from God—"made a curse"! Jesus, image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature"—"made a curse"! Jesus, "Light of Light," hanging in darkness when "the sun went down at noon-day and the earth was darkened in the clear day"—"made a curse"! Jesus, "Poet's Poet, Wisdom's Tongue, Man's Best Man, Good Paragon, Crystal Christ"—"made a curse"! Jesus, Miracle greater than all His miracles—"made a curse"! Jesus, "the brightness of God's glory and the express image of His person"—"made a curse"! Jesus, "who had the glory with the Father before the world was," "giving His back to the smiters and his cheeks to them that plucked off His beard, and hiding not His face from shame and spitting"—"made a curse"! Jesus, "the Father's comprehensibility and visibility"—"made a curse"! Jesus, "heir of all things," "fairer than all the fair who fill the heavenly train"—"made a curse"! He who was earth's greatest blessing was "made a curse"!

Never a curse to anybody. "Made a curse" *for* everybody.

He was the blessed Son of God bringing blessing wherever He went. Into the midst of earth's night He came to give light! Into the midst of earth's sorrow He came to give joy! Into the midst of earth's strife He came to give peace! Into the midst of earth's death He came to give life! Where there were blind, He made to see. The deaf who came to Him received again the joy of hearing. He made the dumb to speak and the crippled to walk about. There were those who approached Him being stricken with the dread disease of leprosy. These were cleansed. In sickrooms He spread cheer and effected recovery. His also was the amazing feat of raising again some who had died!

He was never a curse *to* anybody! He was "made a

curse" *for* everybody! The curse due us fell crushingly on Him, for God laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Deuteronomy records the penalty of the curse. It reads: "His body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but thou shalt in any wise bury him that day; (for he that is hanged is accursed of God;) that thy land be not defiled, which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance" (Deut. 21:23).

I took a day to search for God,
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge through woods untamed,
Just where one scarlet lily flamed
I saw His footprint in the sod!

Then suddenly, all unaware,
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary hermit thrush
Sang through the holy twilight hush—
I heard His voice upon the air.

And even as I marveled how
God gives us heaven and now,
In a stir of wind that hardly shook
The poplar leaves beside the brook—
His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned
Homeward and thought what I had learned
And all that there was still to probe—
I caught the glory of His robe
Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Now we do not agree with the pantheistic tendencies or teachings of the verses just quoted. But we do agree in believing that wherever Jesus walked, whether in dusty highway, by Galilee's shores, up mountain slopes or on city pavements, His were the footprints of God. "God manifest in the flesh." When He spoke, whether in teachings as "one who had authority and not as the scribes" or in wooing love that drew sinners to Him, or in rebuke, or in flaming and righteous wrath when His every sentence was a flash and flare of verbal lightning, His was the voice of God. When His hand touched the loathsome leper or blind eyes or deaf ear-

drums or crippled limbs or the brow hot with fever fires or the hand cold with the ice of death, the touch of His hand was the touch of God, for "God was in Christ" (II Cor. 5:19). Wherever He went He was "the glory of the invisible God," the brightness of God's glory. This is He who "was made a curse." Truth that over-awes us with its solemnity—"Christ was made a curse for us"! The only sinless One was made a curse for the vile and sinful ones.

My sins laid open to the rod,
The back which from the law was free;
And the eternal Son of God
Received the curse once due to me!

The sponge of vinegar and gall
By me was placed upon His tongue;
And when derision mocked His call
I stood the mocking crowd among!

Wonderful, that the Son of God, "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace," was, for us, "made a curse!"

Not only so. But Jesus was

III. "MADE SIN."

"For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (II Cor. 5:21).

The fact of His sinlessness is beyond all challenge. John the Baptist had not hesitated to condemn with un pitying severity the religious leaders of those times and to demand of them repentance and baptism, but to Christ Jesus he said, "I have need to be baptized of Thee—and comest Thou to me?" Several times Pilate, with an emphasis and an earnestness no one could overlook, said "I find no fault in Him!" Pilate's wife called him "This just man!" Judas, refusing to die with a lie on his lips, said, "I have betrayed the innocent blood!" The centurion who saw Him die when every

breath He drew was a pang of pain and when every beat of His heart was a throb of agony, said, "Surely this man was the Son of God." The worst things His enemies could say about Him was that "He made Himself the Son of God" and "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them!"

When, on one occasion, the Jews sought to throw slurs on His birth, Jesus, with a question that flares like lightning, asked, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" (Jno. 8:46). And yet again we read: "Ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins; and in him is no sin!" (I John 3:5).

Marvelous that He was "made of a woman." Marvelous that He was "made under the law to redeem them that are under the law!" Marvelous that God "sending his only Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and as an offering for sin condemned sin in the flesh that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit!" But more wonderful even than that, more triumphantly transcendent, is the truth that God "made him who knew no sin to be sin in our behalf that we might become the righteousness of God in him." This verse is a fortune in a single diamond; the glories of many flowers in one flower; the eloquence of much eloquence in one utterance. By the truths it reveals, some luminous with noonday brightness, some dark with midnight blackness, it is one of the stateliest cathedrals of human speech. By the mercy and mystery to which it testifies, it stands among the real sublimities of Bible vocabulary. By the tragedy it acknowledges it is a pathos of language that defies all definition. By the victories it assures, it contains a splendor of revelation that leaves little to be said.

"Made sin!" The sinless One "made sin"! "In Him no sin" yet "made sin."

Holy of holies this into which unhallowed eyes cannot look, behind the veil of which none dare to intrude with cheap scorn. I know of nothing more vastly vast!

1—Terrible truth this in face of the terribleness of sin.

Sin, the darkest, saddest fact in God's universe. Tragedy back of every tragedy! Sin is folly, disorder, devastation, death. Sin, an opiate in the will, a frenzy in the imagination, a madness in the brain, a poison in the heart, is the intolerable burden of a soul that is destined to live forever, a black darkness that invests man's whole moral being—the sum of all terror, all horror, all cruelty. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. 5:12).

Greedy as worms, merciless as an octopus, relentless as a serpent, poisonous as a viper, sin is no "disagreeable hinderance to the smooth on-going of the social machinery" no "upward stumble in man's progress," as say some; no skin wound, but a fatal mischief of the heart; no light discord but a thunderbolt that crashes the organ into splinters and leaves it without shape or tone. A death's-head set amid life's feast—a desert breath that drinks up every dew!

And sin identifies itself with beauty. Not as a leper in sackcloth crying "Unclean" but with the glories of the rainbow it oft approaches. Not as a locust, but as a butterfly; not as a hornet, but as a humming bird it oft appears. Not with the vulture's filthy beak and blood-fouled feathers, but with the peacock's train it oft comes to us. Whoever said the foregoing spoke mighty truths.

Like Mokanna, the prophet of the silver veil, it seems like some angel

Sent to free the world from every bond and stain
And bring its primal glories back again.

But when the silver veil is torn away and its hideous features are revealed, it may well say with the veiled prophet to Zelica:

Here, judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!

2—Terrible this fact that He, the sinless One, was “made sin” in view of God’s hatred of sin!

Behold this picture: It is night time. A little child, wearied with much play, falls asleep. The father and mother, the light of love beaming in their eyes, the tone of love in their whispering voices, the inexhaustible wonder of parental sacrifice burning in their hearts, put their darling into the trundle bed. With deft and tender hands the mother smooths the pillow and spreads the coverlets, the father taking in every detail of the scene with admiring eyes. Child of phenomenal beauty that, its voice sweeter to their ears than chiming bells, its eyes bluer than violets dew-wet, its luxuriant curls golden like sunshine, its face on the pillow dainty like a pink rose in a snowbank, its soft sleep-breathings like faint whispers of a harp touched by angel fingers. What mighty hold those baby hands, wee and dimpled, have upon human hearts! They kneel, those parents, a minute beside the trundle bed, pure thoughts holding high and holy carnival in their minds. Then, before they go to seek for themselves rest and sleep, they pray that God will give them wisdom to rear that child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

And then, in the night, while they sleep, a rattlesnake with stupid audacity and vile intrusion, crawls in through an open window and into the bed of the child. The hideous reptile coils itself into a circular pile and lies there apparently in a stupor until, at the movement of a dimpled hand or a turn of the curly head, the rattler, his buttons buzzing with diabolic effrontery, strikes

out madly. And the poisonous fangs are buried in the cheek of the child. In awful agony it dies—while the parents sleep. The next morning they awake. They go to the bed and find their approach challenged by the rattler whose head sways ominously while his buttons sing with raucous warning. They see their child swollen, dead, its little face bearing the evidences of its frightful death agonies.

Now—if you will magnify the attitude and the hatred for that vile rattler by that father and mother a million times you will have a faint conception of how God Almighty looks toward sins and upon sin. You will know in some slight measure His perpetual attitude toward sin, His eternal hatred of sin. Yet it is said that our holy God “made Jesus who knew no sin to be sin in our behalf that we might be made the righteousness of God in him!”

3—“Made sin”—What does it mean? What do they mean, these two words, “made sin,” that stagger under a weight of agony?

It means that God dealt with Him as He must deal with sin—in severe and unrelenting judgment!

It means that God sentenced sin, ordered sin to execution in the person and death of His Son. Jesus has made up before God for all we failed to do and be. Jesus takes all our sin and sins upon Himself and bestows all His righteousness upon us. Jesus took sin’s place on the Cross! Took the guilty culprit’s place there! Took my place there! It means that He, the perfectly righteous One, was made sin that we, the unrighteous ones, might be made righteous. For God meted out to Jesus the full measure of punishment sin deserves.

It means—“He stood before God with all our sin upon Him that we, through faith, might stand before God with none of our sin on us.”

He who was righteous was judged before God as unrighteous that we who are unrighteous should be judged before God as righteous!

“He was made for us all that God must judge and we are made in Him by faith all that God cannot judge.”

And this could not be through physical suffering alone! By the bloody drops of sweat in Gethsemane, by the dirty sputum, “contempt materialized in a liquid,” by the rough hands that plucked off His beard, by the merciless steel fingers of Pilate’s scourge, by the thorns that punctured His brow veins, by the nails that pinned Him to the tree, by His mouth hot like an oven, I know, you know, all of us know, He suffered physically on the Cross.

But! To speak of Jesus’ suffering as intense physical torture only is a species of spiritual stupidity and intellectual clownishness. Because of the depths and vastness of sin’s malignant nature, which caused the feet of Deity to draw back with trembling, terms like bravery, courage, martyrdom, physical agony have no place because they contain no meaning big enough to fit His experience, when He “made His soul an offering for sin”—when He died a spiritual death as well as a physical death. He founded our joy in the deep bitterness of His own soul.

The pangs of hell got hold upon Him! God turned Him into the slime pits of hell! The thirst of hell was upon Him! The lightest of His sufferings were physical! The tortures of the damned were upon Him. “The soul of His suffering was the suffering of His soul.” He bore the burdens of sin on His sinless soul. And He did this for all—*all!*

That night when in the Judean skies
The mystic star dispensed its light,
A blind man moved in his sleep—
And dreamed that he had sight!

That night when shepherds heard the song
Of hosts angelic choiring near,
A deaf man stirred in slumber's spell—
And dreamed that he could hear!

That night when in the cattle stall
Slept child and mother cheek by jowl,
A cripple turned his twisted limbs—
And dreamed that he was whole!

That night when o'er the newborn babe
The tender Mary rose to lean,
A loathsome leper smiled in sleep—
And dreamed that he was clean!

That night when to the mother's breast
The little King was held secure,
A harlot slept a happy sleep—
And dreamed that he was clean!

That night when in the manger lay
The Sanctified who came to save,
A man moved in the sleep of death—
And dreamed there was no grave!

And let it be counted folly, or frenzy, or fury, or whatsoever, it is our wisdom and comfort to know that for those blind in sin, for those deaf in sin, for those crippled in sin, for those impure with the harlotry of sin, for those loathsome with the leprosy of sin, for those "dead in trespasses and sins," "Him who knew no sin did God make to be sin in their behalf that they might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

The death of Christ was for us. Therefore Christ was condemned to death instead of us. To condemn us now after we have put our faith in Christ and surrendered personally to Him, would be to say that the death of Christ was not sufficient and that there was no justice with God, for He would get two payments for one debt, two payments for one offense. But, thank God, the death of Christ is sufficient and God is not possessed of the injustice that demands two payments for one debt—and we can truly say, "There is now therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit!"

We can find no knowledge in the world better than this: that man hath sinned and God hath suffered; that God in Christ made Himself the sin of men; that men are made the righteousness of God!

In view of this let us ask: Is any distance too great to go—for Him—who went to the Cross for us? Is any burden too heavy to bear—for Him—who bore the heavy weight of the world's sins on His heart? Is any sacrifice too severe to make—for Him—who was "made a curse" for us? Is any obligation too heavy to assume—for Him—who was "made sin" in our behalf that we might become the righteousness of God in Him? Is any service too great to render—for Him—who was made for us all that God must judge and punish? Is it not time that we say: "I count all things but loss . . . that I may know him and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his suffering"?

IV. "MADE ALIVE."

"He showed himself alive after his passion"—Acts 1:3. "When they heard that he was alive"—Mark 16: 11. "If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead" (Rom. 8:11).

Everybody thought He was dead. As the day became dark, as the sun went down at noonday upon the skull-shaped hill, they named Him a dead king. To them His day was ended. His glory departed. "Whatever He was, He is dead!" they said. The smug scribes and elders whose cautious creeds and ritualistic shows, so utterly void of inward reality, He had condemned, said He was dead! The religious leaders whose religion was "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null" said He was dead. The soldiers who drove the nails into His hands said He was dead. And "the little group who gazed through weeping eyes on that spectacle had a judgment different in quality but not in character. They

saw a beloved form stiffen; eyes that had so often looked upon them with vast yearning, glaze; hands that had so often carried to the suffering multitudes the touch of healing, become lifeless; the voice that had spoken as never man spake, grow dumb!" "And as they watched and wept, hope saw no star, for hope was dead, and listening love heard not even the rustle of an angel's wing!" "For as yet they knew not the Scriptures that he must rise from the dead!"

A tragedy for them! The throne of their beloved had disappeared in a tomb. His regal robes had changed to a dreary shroud. His only crown was a crown of thorns. His kingdom had shrunk to the narrow dimensions of a grave. His only throne was a cross of wood. His only inaugural cry "My God! My God!—why hast thou forsaken me?" His only scepter a weed. His only companions in inauguration two thieves. His only reign six hours of physical and soul agony on the Cross. His only inaugural splendor the darkness that shrouded the earth. His only "king's cup" a sponge filled with vinegar and gall. These sorrowful ones, in uper rooms and dark retreats, thinking of Him who, marred and scarred, was sleeping in Joseph's garden, whispered to each other, "We trusted that it had been He who would have redeemed Israel!" But their expectations had been shattered by envious death. He who was "the Ancient of Days" was "cut off in the midst of his days."

But, He resumed His power; He recovered His challenged rights; He regained His waning influence; He re-asserted His sacred grandeur! And answering thus His malignant enemies, He sent echoing down the ages the blest assurance that there is something in the universe higher than its laws, namely, a Christ who, born in denial of the laws of life and made alive in defiance of the laws of death, saith: "Behold, I am He that was

dead and am alive forever more!" So He is no mere shadow Christ of legend, no mere dream Christ of culture and romance, no mere immanent Christ of nature, no mere ideal Christ of the painter's canvas and the sculptor's chisel, no mere hero Christ of song and story, but a living Christ, for the tomb in Joseph's garden is *empty*.

But we would not have to know of the empty tomb to know that Jesus is "made alive from the dead!" We know, you and I, people in whom Christ lives today, daily, hourly. We know some, maybe more than the world's arithmetic allows, concerning whom we can testify, as Paul spoke of himself: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

No dead king! No! As Dan Poling puts it, though I may add to and take from his words: He was not a dead king who commanded the intrepid saints of the early Church, who led them out to light a Gospel lamp in the palace of the Cæsars and to set the banner of the Cross above the screaming eagles of Rome. No dead king He who lit the signal fires of the Pentecostal upper room, who held the gaze of Stephen, when, through the showering stones, the first Christian martyr lifted his dying eyes to the opening heavens and claimed forgiveness for his murderers! No dead king He who took command of Saul of Tarsus, blinded him with lightnings and then thrust him forth to compass the earth with the truths of redemption! No dead king He who made out of the heathen Coliseum a Christian church! No dead king He who tamed the fires for Savonarola, who enabled Luther to see a corrupt church broken and rebuked, who let Wyclif see the first rays of the morning star of Reformation ere he "put out to sea," who

led the Ironsides of Cromwell, who eased the waves that washed the decks of the "Mayflower" and calmed the seas that broke about the prow of the "Half-Moon," who enabled Florence Nightingale to bandage the world's battle wounds, who gave to the first missionaries the islands of the sea for an inheritance! No dead king He who led the scholarly William Screven, driven out of New England by persecution, to establish the first Baptist church in the South in Charleston in 1683. No dead king He who enabled William Carey to land in Calcutta on Nov. 11th, 1783 (the very day the French Revolutionists tore the Cross from Notre Dame, smashed it in the streets, and abjured Christianity), and claim a new continent for Christ.

No dead king who inspired the great John A. Broadus, once as penniless as the Seminary was poor, to turn deaf ears to a call to a great Northern church that paid \$10,000, to fasten his flag to the mast of what seemed to many to be a sinking Seminary ship. No dead king who gave John Anderson—a Sir Galahad from Furman University—courage to choose a mud grave in a Chinese river rather than the comforts of a life of ease. Not dead! No! "Alive forevermore!" "Wesley, Carey, Paton, Morrison, Livingstone, Adoniram Judson, and that numberless company of their faith who went forth to make the waste places of idolatry blossom with the flowers of salvation, followed not the banner of a dead king, but marched in the train of a living Lord!"

And this Christ Jesus, who was "made flesh," "made of a woman," "made a curse," "made sin," and "made alive from the dead" is the same Christ Jesus "who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption." "Christ in you the hope of glory" (Col. 1:27). Not the glory of the future, but the glory of Christly character here and now, the glory of deliverance from the smiling ease with which

old faiths are chucklingly thrown off and doubts grinningly taken on, the glory of deliverance from the intellectual conceit unaware of the rattle of its dry bones, the glory of deliverance from the superficial mental illumination that lacks the urge of sacrificial passion, the glory of dominion over sin, the glory of Christ enunciating Himself in the precincts of personality, the glory of deliverance from the tragedy of contracting spiritual boundaries after we have extended intellectual frontiers! And, beyond these, the glory of the reality and the fruits of a regenerate heart!

And we must remember that all this centers in Calvary's Cross. The salvation of every believer rests upon three facts. First, the fact that justice has been satisfied. Second, the fact that the law has been honored. Third, the fact that God has been glorified. And all this done at and in and by the Cross of Jesus. At and in and by His Cross justice has been fully and completely satisfied, the law has been gloriously honored, and God has been mightily glorified.

Somewhere, from some mouth touched as with fire from God's altar, I remember to have heard this, which stirred my heart, though I may not recall the exact words: "The history of human guilt culminates in the Cross. The purposes of divine love are made intelligible at the Cross. The rays of glory emanating from Christ are focussed in the Cross. The fingers of prophecy point to the Cross. The mysteries of prophecy are unraveled at the Cross. The hieroglyphics of the types find their key at the Cross. The great problem of human redemption is solved at the Cross. The serpent's head is bruised at the Cross. The door of Heaven is opened at the Cross. The fountain of salvation is unsealed at the Cross. The streams of civilization rise at the Cross.

"All the great events of the Gospel yield in importance to the Cross. The Incarnation was preparatory to the

Cross. The Transfiguration foreshadowed the Cross. The Resurrection was the Complement of the Cross. Pentecost was the fruit of the Cross. Bethlehem and Nazareth, Galilee and Jerusalem, Tabor and Olivet, gleam only in the light of the Cross. All the great doctrines of grace revolve around the Cross. Our new life with its peace that passeth all understanding and its joy that is ever rich and abiding is born at the Cross. The world is stripped of its charm at the Cross. Earthly glory fades at the Cross. Intellect is sanctified at the Cross. Sin dies at the Cross. Our condemnation is lifted at the Cross. Our ruin is removed at the Cross. Our death sentence is revoked at the Cross. Our slave chains are snapped at the Cross. The bitters of life are sweetened at the Cross. The shadows of death are dispelled at the Cross. The Heaven of the redeemed is built upon the Cross. The darkness of eternity is irradiated at the Cross! Hallelujah for the Cross!"

And, while we live, we will never cease to praise Him, our God, that He who *was* "made flesh" and who *was* "made of a woman" and who *was* "made under the law" and who *was* "made a curse" and who *was* "made sin" "is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption" (I Cor. 1:30). Amen!





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